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The Mercury

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Established June, 1763, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with the exception of the *Independent*, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarterly newspaper of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local, and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

THAMES STREET FIRE

The large grocery store of James H. Drury Company, at Thaines street and Market Square, was badly damaged by fire last Saturday evening. The trouble started in a store room on the western side of the building, and although there were plenty of employees in the front of the store, it was some time before the flames were noticed. A still alarm was first sounded, quickly followed by box 31, and when the apparatus arrived, the place was a mass of flames and smoke. Streams of water were quickly directed into the fire, but those who were first on the scene believed that several buildings were doomed. The men had a hard fight and were handicapped by ammonia fumes, but after a time secured control with much smaller loss than had been feared.

The rear of the building was badly gutted, and there was much damage to stock by fire, smoke and water, but the place was cleaned up and ready for business as usual on Tuesday morning. On the upper floor, Stewarts barber shop was badly damaged, and a tailor shop in the next building suffered considerable loss.

MEDICAL MEN HERE

The quarterly meeting of the Rhode Island Medical Society was held with the Newport Medical Society in this city on Thursday. There was a large attendance of medical men from all parts of the state, and a delightful outing was enjoyed. Dinner was served at Newport Beach and a short business session was held. Later the visitors were taken for a ride about the city, visiting the Swiss village of Arthur Curtiss James, the garden of Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, the Naval Hospital, and the Training Station, where a special drill was put on by Captain Orton P. Jackson.

The visitors were warm in their expressions of appreciation of the hospitality of the Newport members, and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The deliberations at the business session were not vastly important, the fall meeting being more in the nature of a holiday.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, LaFollette's running mate on the third party ticket, spoke on Washington Square Thursday afternoon in the presence of quite an assemblage. He had a lovely time denouncing the Republicans and Democrats, the predatory interests, and the world in general, but had little to offer in the way of a constructive program. Many persons attended the meeting to see what he had to offer, but it is doubtful if he made any converts to his cause.

The chemical engine was called to the DeBlois property on Farewell street twice on Thursday to extinguish sparks from the chimney that had landed among the shingles. At about the same time a call came for a dump fire on Garfield street, so that both combinations were kept busy for a time.

The members of John Clarke Chapter, Order of De Molay, will attend Divine service at Trinity Church next Sunday evening.

LABOR DAY

Newport had a big crowd of people over Sunday and Monday, the two holidays coming together and bringing good weather having the effect of drawing many people to the seashore. Newport appeared to have its share, but the crowd would have been much larger undoubtedly had it not been for the rotten condition of the State road in Tiverton. Some strangers got into the road without knowing what they were up against, but many who had been over that way within the last few weeks positively refused to try it again. Some who came down by way of Fall River decided to go back by Bristol Ferry in order to avoid the bad road, with the consequence that the ferry was taxed to its utmost capacity. About 17 cars can be handled at a trip, but at one time there were forty-four cars in waiting on the Portsmouth side, blocking the road way far beyond the railroad bridge, so that cars coming off the boat could not proceed on their way until a portion of these had been loaded.

There was also much difficulty in getting away from Newport on the part of those who came down by steamer from Providence. Both the Mount Hope and the New Shoreham brought down large numbers from Providence in the morning, left them at Newport and then proceeded to Block Island. At the Island they picked up for the return trip many more than they carried down, because of the close of the season there, with the result that when they reached Newport there was little room remaining. The Mt. Hope was just able to take on all who wanted to go, and sailed promptly. At the New Shoreham's landing place at City Wharf, the conditions were different. As soon as the quota was reached Federal Inspectors gave orders that no more should be taken on board, with the result that a large number were left on the wharf. Then there was something doing. Many of them were taken on the smaller steamer, May Archer, but through some misunderstanding, the purser declined to honor the tickets of the New Shoreham. Some of them had money enough to take care of themselves by train or trolley, but others were down to their last cent and had nothing to take them home but the New Shoreham tickets. The police were finally called upon, and arranged for two trucks to take up some of the party while others went by train. The New Shoreham line was supposed to re-imburse the city for its costs. On arrival in Providence there was a wild crowd about the New Shoreham offices, but they were closed for the night, so that tempers had a chance to cool down before the next morning.

The day passed off quietly in Newport. In the morning the children had their annual scramble for prizes at the Beach. It seemed as if there was a larger crowd than ever. The 1000 blocks began to come to light very quickly after the signal was given, and nearly all of them were discovered and the corresponding prizes were claimed. There were many bathers at all the beaches and the restaurants were well patronized.

Work has been begun on the Bellevue avenue pavement. A steam shovel is at work at the lower end, tearing up the old pavement to give way to the concrete, similar to that of Broadway. Work will be carried on as late in the fall as possible, and the part that is then uncompleted will be finished in the spring.

Several large battleships are now in Newport harbor for mobilizing before sailing for Hampton Roads for the winter. Many sailors have been ashore during the evenings, and the appearance of the streets looks like the height of summer.

Rev. Allen Jacobs was the speaker before the Lions Club on Thursday, giving an interesting description of the conditions in Oklahoma and Utah as he found them. He prophesies a great future for Utah especially.

The large tree near the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, which went over in last week's storm, has been placed in position after trimming, and it is hoped that it will live.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, the monthly bills were approved and ordered paid, amounting to \$33,253.65. The aldermen agreed to ask the representative council to authorize the issue of \$75,000 in bonds to finance the work on the Bellevue avenue pavement. There is still a considerable amount on hand from the last issue of pavement bonds, and it is felt that this additional amount will be sufficient for the present. The contract for furnishing the \$150,000 in anticipation of taxes went to the Aquidneck National Bank at 2.29 per cent. Two Boston bids were received also.

At the weekly meeting of the board on Thursday evening, Chairman MacIver of the retail trade committee of the board of aldermen, appeared with a suggestion that the board recommend to the representative council the appointment of a committee to frame an ordinance regarding the control of traffic and parking conditions in the center of the city. The board thought it was a matter for them to consider, and they will hold an open meeting for suggestions from anyone interested. Later an ordinance will be framed for submission to the representative council. Chief of Police Sweeney said that his department was doing the best it could under the present regulations, but thought that more law would help.

The Newport Electric Corporation presented the draft of an ordinance providing for underground conduits in Broadway, and also for laterals in Bellevue avenue. The Broadway work has already been done before the new pavement was laid, and it is proposed to do the Bellevue avenue work before that pavement goes down. The matter was referred to City Solicitor Sullivan previous to sending it to the council.

The contract for printing the voting lists for the state election was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company, the lowest bidder. Much routine business was transacted, the purser declined to honor the tickets of the New Shoreham. Some of them had money enough to take care of themselves by train or trolley, but others were down to their last cent and had nothing to take them home but the New Shoreham tickets. The police were finally called upon, and arranged for two trucks to take up some of the party while others went by train. The New Shoreham line was supposed to re-imburse the city for its costs. On arrival in Providence there was a wild crowd about the New Shoreham offices, but they were closed for the night, so that tempers had a chance to cool down before the next morning.

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Tentative plans have been adopted for the observance of Defense Day in Newport on September 12. It is proposed to hold a street parade of the regular forces of the Army and Navy in the afternoon. In the evening there will be a public meeting at the Armory of the Newport Artillery, to which all will be invited. Special invitations will be sent to the various organizations in Newport. Good speakers will be secured and there will be a program of music.

The annual fall exhibition of the Newport Horticultural Society has attracted many visitors at the Beach, and the view of the large convention hall proved to be a wonderful sight. Flowers of all seasonal kinds, fruits and vegetables were displayed in profusion. Most of the large estates in Newport were represented by exhibits.

The public schools of Newport will open next Monday. At the same time, the opening session of the new Catholic High School on Bellevue avenue will be held. This will probably be known as the De LaSalle Academy. The Catholic High School for girls will open in the St. Joseph's School building.

Hon. Patrick J. Murphy has purchased the property at 117-121 Thames street, long occupied by "Silver King" Sullivan. The sale was at auction and the property brought \$15,700 after some spirited bidding.

NEWPORT COUNTY FAIR

The annual Newport County Fair will open at the Fair Grounds in Portsmouth on Tuesday, September 16, and will close on Friday night, September 19. Every day will be a busy one, and the indications are that this will be the largest and best exhibition ever held by this Society. Inasmuch as this Fair has a well established reputation as one of the best in New England, this is saying a good deal.

For the opening day many new features are promised. This will be known as Merchants' Day, and the Newport Chamber of Commerce is cooperating to make it a success. The Training Station Band will be present each day and will give free concerts. The feature of Tuesday will be the cattle judging and the parade of all cattle exhibited. The cattle premium list has been entirely revised by Superintendent Sumner D. Hollis, who is also the Newport County Agent of the Farm Bureau, and it is expected that some splendid animals will be exhibited. All the fine stock farms in Rhode Island will send entries, and many are expected from Massachusetts and Connecticut as well.

Another feature of the opening day will be the athletic contests, including what is expected to be an exciting competition at "Barnyard Golf" between the Gooseberry Specials, champions of Kent County, and Brownell's Busters, representing Newport County. The famous Kolah Grotto Patrol, twice winner of the New England cup, will give an exhibition drill, which should be well worth seeing. A whippet race is also on the program for the day. There will be dancing in the evening, and supper will be served at 6.00 o'clock. At 8.30 there will be a free exhibition of Jackson's Rural Circus in front of the grand stand.

Wednesday will be devoted principally to the Horse Show, and Jackson's Circus will appear again. In fact, there will be a performance by this circus each afternoon. Thursday will be Governor's Day, when Governor Flynn, Congressman Clark Burdick and others will deliver addresses from the grand stand. There will also be a continuance of the Horse Show, as well as the other daily features.

Friday will be Children's Day, when there will be special features for the evening, including prize dancing and children's contests in the evening. The various exhibits are expected to be fully up to previous years. The flower department premium list has been entirely re-written, and is expected to draw many new entries. There will be free dancing each evening, to music by a splendid orchestra, and prizes will be offered for the best dancers.

If the weather is good, the attendance should be record breaking. Many improvements have been made to the buildings and grounds since the last Fair, including the erection of a new fence, which improves the appearance of the grounds very materially.

The annual meeting of the Association for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis was held on Wednesday, President Norman M. MacLeod presiding. The various reports showed a successful year's work. Dr. MacLeod was re-elected president, Arthur E. Commerford and Frank M. Greenlaw vice presidents, and Thomas B. Congdon treasurer.

Congressman Ogden L. Mills of New York, who is occupying the Mills villa in Newport this summer, was married at Narragansett Pier on Tuesday to Mrs. Dorothy Randolph Fell of Philadelphia. The announcement came as a great surprise to the many friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Mills.

The annual ball for the benefit of the Firemen's Relief Fund was held at the Beach on Wednesday evening with the usual large attendance. A considerable sum was realized.

The Lions Club will entertain the Rotary Club at Miskiania Camp on Thursday, September 18, for an all day outing.

Mr. Louis A. Gladding of Greenport, Long Island, called upon old friends in this city this week.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Grange Bazaar

Aquidneck Grange held a bazaar at the town hall on September 2, 3 and 4, which was well attended. This is the third annual bazaar. The grounds were beautifully decorated, as were the booths. The large carriage house was transformed into a dining-room. Mrs. P. F. Murphy was in charge, and a supper consisting of chowder, rolls, relishes, pie and coffee was served. The chowder was made by Mr. Lewis Manchester.

Booths where home-made candy, ice cream and soft drinks, and vegetables were sold, were freely patronized. Bacon, bags of sugar and flour, as well as aluminum ware, were sold on wheels. A parcel post booth was in charge of Miss Dorothy Thurston. A new novelty game where one threw baseballs to burst balloons, was in charge of Robert Grinnell, and a shooting gallery was in charge of Mr. Daniel Peckham. The dance hall was decorated with streamers of gold and blue crepe paper, and the fancy articles table and white elephant table were in this hall. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Mrs. Harry Hazard has had as guests her niece and nephew, Mary and Thomas Hesse, of North Weymouth, Mass.

Messrs. Frank Sherman, Jr., and Maxwell Peckham, who have been on a 1800 mile automobile trip through New York state to the Canadian border, have returned to their homes.

Mr. Karl Strong of New York will sing at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday, September 7.

Miss Mary K. Nelson, director of the nursing service, who is well known here, has been transferred to the Constantinople hospital for three years. Miss Nelson, who is to sail on September 9, will be the superintendent and will have the entire management.

The September meeting of the Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee was held at the Berkeley Parish House on Thursday evening. A letter was read giving the plans for a regional conference which will be held in Tiverton on September 10.

Among the speakers will be Miss Edith M. Peckham, field representative of Junior Red Cross and assistant director of the New England division, who will speak on "Junior Red Cross."

Repairs are being made at the Middletown-Newport line to adjust the difference in height of the new paving in Newport and the State Road in Middletown.

Miss Charlotte A. Chase entertained the members of Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at her home at an all-day meeting on the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island. The Vice Regent, Mrs. Otto Ehrhardt, called the meeting to order after a basket lunch, and the usual routine business was conducted. It was voted to purchase a new flag for the Chapter House. It was voted to send \$25 to the Saratoga Battleground Association. A letter was read from the Regent, Mrs. George A. Sward, giving an interesting account of a recent visit to the Saratoga Battleground.

The regular meeting will be held on September 12, National Defense Day, at the Chapter House.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spooner have moved to their new home on Gypsum Lane.

Miss Miriam Bowker of Taunton is spending the week with Miss Roberta Elliott.

Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham has had as weekend guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farnum and family of Providence and Miss Gladys Peckham also of Providence.

Mrs. Willard Chase has returned to her home from the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. A. E. Farnum Conger, of Worcester, Mass., gave a family clam-bake on Monday at the home of her sisters, the Misses Peckham, for her children and grandchildren.

Mrs. Kate Bailey has had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Bailey and their son, of South Dartmouth, Mass.

Mrs. Phoebe Manchester and her nephew, Master Robert Dennis, who have been guests of Mrs. Manchester's nephew, Mr. Elmer Coggeshall, in Bangor, Me., have returned to their home here.

Another whist for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library was given at the Holy Cross Guild House under the direction of Mrs. Clarence Thursday. There were several tables playing. The prizes were won by Mrs. William R. Howard, Mrs. Gilbert Elliott and Miss Rita Edmondson. Dancing followed, with music by Mr. Osmer Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham have had as guests Mrs. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Farnum of Peru, Vt., and Mr. and Mrs. George Griffin of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Alfred V. Sherman is enjoying his vacation. During his absence Mr. Basil Matthews is taking up his duties at the grocery store of Mr. Charles A. Carr.

A whist was given on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. D. Frank Hall, for the benefit of Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. Alexander Boone entertained at a bacon bat at her home Thursday evening, in honor of Mrs. Ralph Anthony, who expects to leave here soon for Millis, Mass., where Mr. Anthony is employed in the Clioquot plant.

Mrs. Augustus Wilbur is visiting her sister, Miss Maggie Smith, in Moore's Mills, N. Y.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Accident at Island Park

Miss Edna Durfee and Miss Josephine Rose were painfully injured at Island Park last Saturday. A clam-bake was being served to 600 Fall River city employees, some of whom were under the influence of liquor and began to quarrel among themselves. Miss Durfee and Miss Rose were waiting on table, and the men became unusually quarrelsome, hitting both waitresses. Miss Durfee was hit on the head and rendered unconscious, and Miss Rose was struck on the shoulder, dislocating it, before anyone could come to their aid.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Macomber have as guests Rev. and Mrs. Roderick Macleod and family of Hanover, Mass.

The schools of this town opened on Tuesday. Miss Church of Tiverton and Miss Freedborn of Fall River have been secured to teach at the Quaker Hill School in place of Mrs. O'Connor and Miss Sheehan of Newport, taught there last year. Mrs. Mary Caswell is re-employed there this year. There are so many 7th grade pupils that different arrangements will be made, as there is more than the rooms can accommodate.

Chief of Police William J. Deegan and Federal Agent Muller of Boston visited a shed on the lower end of Power street last Saturday night and seized nearly 200 cases of alleged Scotch whiskey, which was taken to Providence by the Federal authorities.

A building at the old fish works at the north end of the island was burned on Sunday night. This building was used as the office building for the fish works and later by the Narragansett Shipbuilding Company. It was under lease to a man whose home is in Westfield, Mass., and who lost valuable papers and other property in the

Judith of BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

In these days with women winning championships in outdoor games and athletic contests and successfully invading lines of endeavor that a past generation had set apart exclusively for men, is it not logical to have a heroine of fiction who takes a man's part in the management of a big enterprise and brings to bear the qualities of courage, coolness and daring especially called for in making the undertaking a success? It is decidedly logical, particularly in the West where girls on ranches are taught to shoot straight, tame outlaw horses, brand cattle and in general respects be qualified not only to take care of themselves, but to meet any exigency calling for judgment and nerve.

The boys of the Blue Lake outfit were pretty thoroughly disgusted when they learned they were to have a girl for a boss. Opinions changed, however, when a few of Judith's quiet exploits, performed under the stress of necessity and without any bravado or sacrifice of womanliness, proved her to be the best man on the big ranch. Judith did not seek the job of management. It was forced upon her through the death of her father, and her realization that her foreman was a rascal bent upon wrecking the enterprise in the interests of a rival concern.

It was stupendous job and the girl who could handle it successfully deserved to be the heroine of an exhilarating romance. Judith is decidedly welcome because she is a "new type" of heroine. She is all this more welcome from the fact that she is not an exaggerated type. There are plenty of girls in the West and elsewhere who, given such a grand old father to train them, as Judith had, would be able to show the true steel which she exhibited; and, like Judith, would remain avert and womanly throughout. Judith will win readers just as she won the Blue Lake boys. It is only fair to reveal that there was one of those boys who held out against surrender. He had old-fashioned notions of what a woman should be and what a woman can do. With the exception of Judith, he is the most interesting character in the story.

CHAPTER I

Bud Lee Wants to Know

Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, sat upon the gate of the home corral, bulled a cigarette with slow brown fingers, and stared across the broken fields of the upper valley to the rosy glow above the pine-laden ridge where the sun was coming up. His customary gravity was unusually pronounced.

"If a man's got the hunch an egg is bad," he mused, "is that a good and sufficient reason why he should go poking his fingers inside the shell? I want to know!"

Tommy Burkitt, the youngest wags-
erner of the outfit and a profound admirer of all that taclurnity, good humor and quick capability which went into the makeup of Bud Lee, approached from the ranch-house on the knoll. "Hi, Bud!" he called. "Trevors wants you. On the jump."

Burkitt stopped at the gate, looking up at Lee. "On the jump, Trevors said," he repeated.

For a moment Lee sat still, his cigar unlit, his broad black hat far back upon his close-cropped hair; his eyes serenely contemplative upon the pink of the sky above the pines. Then he slipped from his place and, though each single movement gave an impression of great leisureliness, it was but a flash of time until he stood beside Burkitt.

"Stick around a wee bit, laddie," he said gently, a lean brown hand resting lightly on the boy's square shoulder. "A man can't see what is on the cards until they're tipped, but it's always a fair gamble that between dawn and dusk I'll gather up my string of colts and crowd on. If I do, you'll want to come along?"

He smiled at young Burkitt's eagerness and turned away toward the ranch-house and Bayne Trevors, thus putting an early end to an enthusiastic resuscitation.

"They ain't no more men over foaled like him," meditated Tommy, in an approval so profound as to be little less than out-and-out devotion.

And, indeed, one might ride up and down the world for many a day and not find a man who was Bud Lee's superior in "the things that count." As tall as most, with sufficient shoulders, a slender body, narrow-hipped, he carried himself as perhaps his forebear walked in the days when open forests or sheltered caverns housed them, with a like gracefulness born of the perfect play of superb physical development. His muscles, even in the slight movement, flowed liquidly; he had slipped from his place on the corral gate less like a man than like some great, splendid cat. The skin of hands, face, throat, was very dark, whether by inheritance or because of long exposure to sun and wind; it would have been difficult to say. The eyes were dark, very keen, and yet remarkably grave. From under their black brows they had the habit of appearing to be reluctantly withdrawn from some great distance to come to rest, steady and

"Counting everything. How many?" "Seventy-three."

The general manager's pencil wrote upon the pad in front of him "73," then swiftly multiplied it by 50. Lee saw the result, 3,650 set down with the dollar sign in front of it. He said nothing.

"What would you say to fifty dollars a head for them?" asked Trevors, whirling again in his swivel chair. "Three thousand six fifty for the bunch?"

"I'd say the same," answered Lee deliberately, "that I'd say to a man that offered me two bits for Daylight or Ladybird. I just naturally wouldn't say nothing at all."

Trevors smiled cynically. "What are the seventy-three colts worth, then?"

"Right now, when I'm just ready to break 'em in," said Bud Lee thoughtfully, "the worst of that string is worth fifty dollars. I'd say twenty of the herd ought to bring fifty dollars a head; twenty more ought to bring sixty; ten are worth seventy-five; ten are worth an even hundred; seven of the Red Duke stock are good for a hundred and a quarter; the other four Red Dukes and the three Robert the Devil's are worth a hundred and fifty a head. The whole bunch, an easy fifty-seven hundred little iron men."

He stared hard at Trevors a moment. And then, partially voicing the thought with which he had grappled upon the corral gate, he added meditatively: "There's something almighty peculiar about an outfit that will listen to a man offer fifty backs on a string like that."

His eyes, cool and steady, met Trevors' in a long look which was little short of a challenge.

"Just how far does that go, Lee?" asked the manager curiously.

"As far as you like," replied the horse foreman coolly. "Are you going to sell those three-year-olds for thirty-six hundred?"

"Yes," answered Trevors bluntly, "I am. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ask for my time, I guess," and although his voice was gentle and even pleasant, his eyes were hard. "I'll take my own little string and move on."

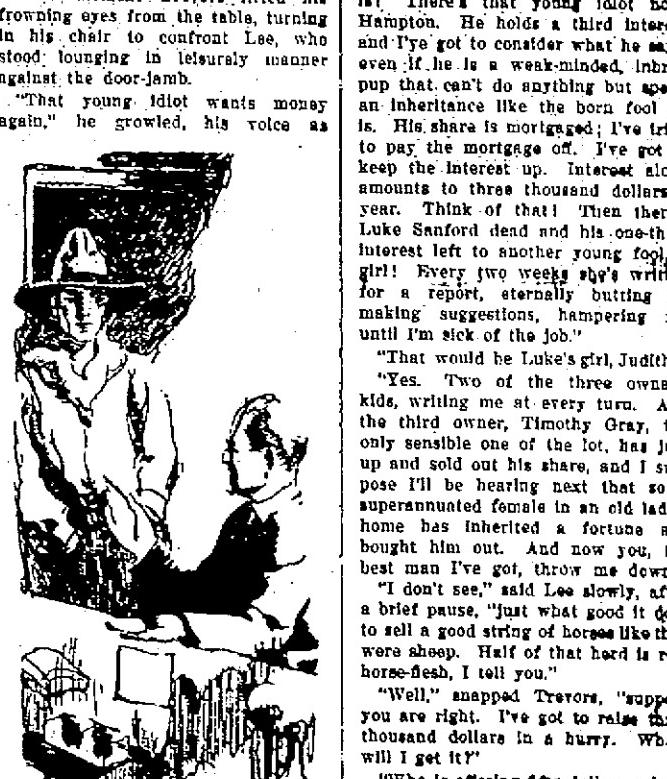
"Curst it!" cried Trevors heatedly. "What difference does it make to you? What business is it of yours—how I sell? You draw down your monthly pay, don't you? I raised you a notch last month without your asking for it, didn't I?"

"That's so," agreed the foreman equably. "It's a cinch none of the boys have any kick coming at the wages."

For a moment Trevors sat frowning-up at Lee's inscrutable face. Then he laughed shortly. "Look here, Bud," he said good-humoredly, an obvious seriousness of purpose under the throat and demand that she stand and deliver. Only because of his wide and successful experience, of his initiative, of his way of quick, decisive action, mated to a marked executive ability, had Luke Sanford chosen Bayne Trevors as his right-hand man in so colossal a venture as the Blue Lake ranch. Only because of the same pulsing, vigorous personality was he this morning general manager, with the unlimited authority of a dictator over a petty principality.

In a moment Trevors lifted his frowning eyes from the table, turning in his chair to confront Lee, who stood, leaning in leisurely manner against the door-jamb.

"That young idiot wants money again," he growled, his voice as



"What Would You Say to Fifty Dollars a Head?"

sharp and quick as his eyes. "As if I didn't have enough to contend with already."

"Meantime young Hampton, I take it?" said Lee quietly.

"Telegram. Caught it over the line the last thing last night. We'll have to sell some horses this time, Lee."

Lee's eyes narrowed imperceptibly. "I didn't plan to do any selling for six months yet," he said, not in exclamation but merely in explanation. "They're not ready."

"How many three-year-olds have you got in your string down in the Big meadow?" asked Trevors crisply. "Counting those eleven Red Duke colts!"

"Counting everything. How many?"

"Seventy-three."

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of a saddle. And then, suddenly, a girl, the spurs of her little riding-boots making jingling music on the veranda, her riding-skirt swinging from her wrist, had stepped by him and was looking with bright, snapping eyes from him to Trevors.

"I am Judith Sanford," she announced briefly, and there was a note in her young voice which went ringing, bell-like, through the still air. "Is one of you men Bayne Trevors?"

A quick, shadowy smile came and went upon the lips of Bud Lee. It struck him that she might have said in just that way: "I am the queen of England and I am running my own kingdom!" He looked at her with eyes filled with open interest and curiosity, making swift appraisal of the flush in the sun-browned cheeks, the confusion of dark, curling hair disturbed by her furious riding, the vivid, red-blooded beauty of her. Mouth and eyes and the very cabbage of the dark head upon her superb white throat announced boldly and triumphantly that here was no wax-petaled lily of a lady but rather a maid whose blood, like the blood of the father before her, was turbulent and hot and must boil like a wild mountain-stream at opposition. Her eyes, a little darker than Trevors', were the eyes of fighting stock.

Trevors, irritated already, turned hard eyes up at her from under corrugated brows. He did not move in his chair. Nor did Lee stir except that now he removed his hat.

"She's a sure-enough little wonderbird, all right," he mused. "But, say, what does she want to butt in on a man's-size job for, I want to know?"

"Lee," called Trevors, "you take orders from me or no one on this ranch. You can go now. And just keep your mouth shut."

Bud Lee was turning to go out and down to his horse when he saw the look in Trevors' eyes, a look of consuming rage. The general manager's voice had been hoarse.

"D—n you," shouted Trevors, "get out!"

"Cut out the swear-words, Trevors," said Lee with quiet sternness. "There's a lady here."

"Lady!" scoffed Trevors. "He laughed contemptuously. "Where's your lady? That!" and he leveled a scornful finger at the girl. A ranting, tough of a female who brings a breath of the stables with her and scolds like a fish-wife."

"Shut up!" said Lee, crossing the room with quick strides, his face thrust forward a little.

"You shut up!" It was Judith's voice as Judith's hand fell upon Bud Lee's shoulder, pushing him aside.

"If I couldn't take care of myself do you think I'd be fool enough to take over a little job like running the Blue Lake?" Now—"and with blazing eyes she confronted Trevors—"If you've got any more nice little things to say, suppose you say them to me!"

Trevors' temper had had ample provocation and now stood naked and in his hard eyes. In a blind instant he laid his tongue to a word which would have sent Bud Lee at his throat. But Judith stood between them and, like an echo to the word, came the resounding slap as Judith's open palm smote Trevors' cheek.

"You—wildcat!" cried Trevors angrily, on his feet now.

"You shut up!" commanded the girl sharply. "Lee, you answer me."

"He's selling them fifty dollars a head," he said with a secret joy in his heart as he glanced at Trevors' flushed face.

"Shut up!" said Lee, crossing the room with quick strides, his face thrust forward a little.

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Continued from Page 2
manded. "Curse you, don't tear my arms off! Bit the sleeves."

It was Lee who, pushing the clumsy coat aside, silently made the two bandages from strips of Trevor's shirt. It was Lee who brought a flask of brandy from which Trevor drank deep.

And then came Judith.

They stared at her as they might have done had the heavens opened and an angel come down, or the earth split and a devil sprung up. She looked in upon them with quick, keen eyes which sought to take every man's measure. They returned her regard with a variety of amazed expressions. Never since these men had come to work for Payne Trevor had a woman so much as ridden by the door. And to have her stand there, composed, utterly at her ease, her air vaguely authoritative, a vitally vivid being who might suddenly have taken tangible form from the dawn, bewildered them.

"I am Judith Sanford," she said in her abrupt fashion, quite as she had made the announcement to Lee and Trevor. "This outfit belongs to me. I have fired Trevor. You take your orders straight from me from now on. Cookie, give me some coffee."

She came in without ceremony and sat down at the head of the table. Benny hastily brought the coffee. From some emotion certainly not clear to him he went a violent red. Perhaps the emotion was just sheer embarrassment. He brought hot cakes with one hand while with the other he buttoned his gaping shirt-collar over a bulging, hairy chest.

Men who had finished their breakfast rose hastily with a marked awkwardness and ill-concealed haste and went outside, whence their low voices came back in a confused consultation. Men who had not finished followed them. In an amazingly short time there were but the girl, Lee, Trevor and the cook in the room. Bud Lee, moving with his usual leisureliness, was following when Judith's cool voice said quietly:

"You, Lee, wait a moment. I want to talk with you."

Lee hesitated. Then he came back and waited.

The men outside naturally grouped about the general manager. His angry voice, lifted clearly, reached the two in the room.

"I'm fired," said Trevor harshly. "As soon as I can get going I am leaving for the Western Lumber camp. Every one of you boys holds his job here because I gave it to him. Do you want to hold it now, with a fool girl telling you what to do? Do you want men up and down the state to laugh at you and jeer at you for a pack of softies and imbeciles? Or do you want to roll your blankets and quit? To every man that jumps the job here and follows me today I promise a job with the Western. You fellows know the sort of boss I've been to you. You can guess the sort of boss that chicken lo there would be. Now I'm going. It's up to you. Stick to a white man or fuis around for a woman!"

He had said what he had to say and, cursing when his shoulder struck a form near him, made his way down to the stables. Burkitt was ahead of him, going for the team.

"Well, Lee," said Judith sharply, "where do you get off? Do you want to stick? Or shall I count you out?"

"I guess," said Bud very gently, "you'd better count me out."

"You're going with that crook?"

"No, I'm going on my own."

"Why? You're getting good money here. If you're square I'll keep you at the same figure."

But Bud shook his head.

"I'm game to play square," he said slowly. "I'll stick a week, giving you a chance to get a man in my place. That's all."

"What's the matter with you?" she cried hotly. "Why won't you stay with your job? Is it because you don't want to take orders from me?"

Then Lee lifted his grave eyes to hers and answered simply: "That's it. I'm not saying you're not all right. But I got it figured out, there's just two kinds of ladies. If you want to know, I don't see that you've got any call to the into a man's job."

"Oh, hell!" cried the girl angrily. "You men make me tired. Two kinds of ladies. And ten thousand kinds of men! You want me to dress like a doll, I suppose, and keep my hands soft and white and go around like a brainless, slumbering fool! There are two kinds of ladies, my fine friend; the kind that can and the kind that can't! Thank God I'm none of your precious, sighing, hothouse little fools!"

Gulping down a last mouthful of coffee, she was on her feet and passed swiftly out among the men.

"You men!" she cried, and they turned sober eyes upon her, "listen to me! You're heard that big stiff rant; now hear me! I'm here because I belong here. My dad was Luke Sanford and he made this ranch. I was raised here. It's two-thirds mine right now. Trevor's there is a crook and I told him so. He's been trying to sell me out, to make such a failure of the outfit that I'd have to let it go for a comic song. He got gay and I fired him. He tried to manhandle me and I plugged him. And now I'm going to run my own outfit! What have you got to say about it, you grumbling old grouch with the crooked face! Put

up or shut up! I'm calling you!"

The men turned from her to Ward Hannon, the field foreman, who had been Trevor's right-hand man and who now was sneering openly.

"I'm saying it's no work for a kid of a girl," grumbled Hannon. "You run an outfit like this!" He laughed derisively. "It can't be did."

"It can't, can't it?" cried Judith. "Tell me why, old smartie. Spit it out lively!"

Jake Carson's shrill cackle cut through a low rumble of laughter. "That's passing it to him straight," said the old cattlemen. "What's the word, Ward?"

Ward Hannon shrugged his shoulders and spat impudently. "I ain't saying nothing," he growled, "only this: I got a right to quit, ain't I? Well, I'm quitting. Any time you catch me working for a female girl that can't ride a horse 'bout fallin' off, that can't see a pig stuck 'bout fainting, that can't walk a mile 'bout gettin' laid up, that can't . . ."

"Slow up there!" called Judith. " Didn't I stick a pig already this morning, and have I keeled over yet? Didn't I ride the forty miles from Rocky Bend last night and get here before sunup? Listen to me, chief kickier: If you've got a horse on the ranch I can't ride I'll quit right now and give you my job! How's that strike you? I tell you the word on this ranch is going to be 'Put up or shut up!' Which is it, Growly?"

Again the men laughed and Hannon's face showed his anger.

"Mean that, lady?" he demanded briefly.

"You can just bet your eyes I mean it!"

Hannon turned toward the stable. "All right. We'll see who's going to put up or shut up!" he jeered over his shoulder. "You ride the Prince just two little minutes and I'll stay and work for you!"

Bud Lee from the doorway interfered. He was a man who loved fair play and he knew the Prince. "None of that, Ward," he called sternly. "Not the Prince!"

But Judith, her eyes afire, whirled upon Lee, her voice like a whip as she said: "Lee, you keep out of this. The sooner you learn who's running things here the better for you."

"Maybe so," said Lee quietly. "But don't you fool yourself you can ride Prince. There's not a man on the job except me that can ride him." It was not boastfully said, but with calm assurance. "He's an outlaw, Miss Judith. He's the horse that killed Jimmy Carpenter last spring, and Jimmy—"

"Go ahead, Ward," Judith repeated. "I've got something to do today besides play pussy-wants-a-corner with your boys."

Ward went, his eyes filled with malice. Two or three of the other men joined their voices to Bud's and Carson's, expostulating, telling of that fearful thing, an outlaw horse. Judith maintained a scornful silence.

In due time, Ward came back. He was leading a saddled horse, a great, wild-eyed roan that snapped viciously as he came on, walking with the wide, spreading stride of a horse little used to the saddle. Judith measured him with her eyes as she had measured the men in the bunkhouse.

"He's an ugly devil," she said, and Lee, at her side, smiled again. But the girl had not altered her intention. She stepped closer, looking to clutch bit and reins. She commanded Ward to draw the latigo tighter, and Ward did so, dodging back as the big brute snaped at him.

Judith laughed: "Look out, Ward," she taunted him. "He's after your halter!"

Two men held the Prince. At Judith's command they shortened the stirrups and then blinded him with a bandanna handkerchief. Then, moving with incredible swiftness, she was in the saddle, the reins firmly gripped. The Prince, sudden trembling thrilling through him, stood with his four feet planted. The girl leaned forward and whipped the blind from his red-rimmed eyes.

"There's a good boy!" said Judith coolly. "Buck a little for the lady, Prince!"

Slowly the great muscles of Prince's leg and shoulder and flank

were between his forelegs.

Then suddenly, without warning, the horse whirled, leaping far out to the left, striking with hard hoofs bunched, gathering himself as he landed, swerving with the quickness of light, plunging again to the right. And again he stood still. Judith, sitting securely on his rebellious back, laughed. Her laughter, cool and unafraid, sent a strange little thrill through Bud Lee—who, with fear in his heart, was watching her.

"Look out for him now!" he called warningly.

In truth the Prince had not yet begun. He plunged toward the corral, his purpose plain, the one desire in his heart to crush his rider against the high fence. But Judith's spurs answered him, and the bit, savage in his jaws, brought him about, whirling, striking, bucking as only a strong, fearless, devil-hearted horse knows how to buck. He doubled up under her; he rose and fell in a quick series of short jumps which tore and jerked at her body, which strove to tear her knees away from his sides and break the grip of her hand on the reins. But it seemed to the men watching that the girl knew before the horse which way he would jump; that she knew how to sway her body with his so that she and he were not separate beings but just one, moving together in some mad devil's dance.

"Can she ride?" whispered Bud Lee. "I want to know!"

Again the maddened Prince reared and again she brought him to earth. Again he resumed the terribly tearing series of short, sharp bucks. And still her hair tumbling, blown about her shoulders, she rode him.

Suddenly, with a quick, concerted action of spur, whip and rein, Judith spurred the Prince about so that he was headed for the open valley, running toward the west, giving him his head only a little, driving him. He broke into a thundering run, snorting as, with mane and tail flying, he dashed through the men who fell away from his furious rush. And as he ran, Judith spurred him so that his only thought lay in running away from the menace upon his back.

Three minutes later she rode back to the bunk-house and slipped from the saddle. Bud Lee, going to her, had his hat in his hand.

"Now, Ward," she said quickly, her breathing hurried, her cheeks red, "what do you say?"

"I said I'd stick if you rode him," muttered Ward. "And—"

"And," cried the girl with quick passion, "I'll tell you something. You're a great big lumbering coward! Stick with me!" She laughed again, a new laugh, ringing with her scorn.

"Here's your outlaw; I've gentled him a bit. You ride him!"

His fellows laughed at Ward; for the field foreman was no horseman and the timorous way in which he had brought out this snapping, vicious animal had testified to the fact. He drew back now, muttering,

"Ride him!" cried Judith, her voice stinging him. "Ride him or get off the ranch! Which is it?"

Ward Hannon, glad of the opening, answered sullenly: "Aw! I think I want to take orders off a woman? You're right, I'll get off'n the ranch!"

"That's two down," said Judith.

"Now, take this horse back to the stable; I'm going up to the office. You men come there in five minutes. If you want to stay, and are worth your salt, you can. Or I'll give you your time. It's up to you; it's a free country. But—and, she said. It wasn't just shooting off her face prominently when she says there's something crooked in the deal Trevor has been handing her. And, third-best, there's most likely going to be seven kinds of hell popping around this end of the woods for a spell."

"What are you doing about it, Carson?" asked the man whose unusually vacuous expression gave him the name of Poker Face. "Stick on the job or quit?"

"Me!" Carson sought a match, and when he had found it, held it long in his grimy fingers, staring at it thoughtfully. "Me stay an' let a she-goddamn me? Well, it ain't the play a man might look to me to make, an' I ain't saying it's the trick I'd do every day in the week. But here there's some things to set a man scratching his head; she's a winner, all right; an' I'm the first man to up an' say so. She's got the sand an' she's got the savvy. Take 'em together an' they make what you call gumption. I might go trailing my luck some other place, if I did the first fool thing that popped into my nut. But playing fair, I'm going to stick an' do my d-ddest to see Luke Sanford's girl put up her scrap. Yes, sir!"

"What did she want to fire Trevor for?" asked Benny, the cook.

Carson, looking at him contemptuously, spoke in contemptuous answer about the stem of his pipe. "Any man on the job can answer you that, Cookie. It's been open an' shut the last month Trevor is either crazy or cracked. I said, didn't I, Western Lumber's itching to get its devil-fish legs wrapped around Blue Lake timber? They've busted more than one rancher up in the mountains. Trevor is in with 'em. Any man on the ranch that don't know that, don't want to know it!" He removed his pipe at last, and his look upon Benny was full of meaning.

"I been working here close to two weeks when he got killed," Bud said as Carson's twinkling eyes went from face to face. "I got my job straight from him, not Trevor's."

"That's so," said Carson. "Well, Bud knows the sort Luke Sanford was. He was dead and buried when I come to the Blue Lake, but I saw him twice and I'd heard of him more times than that. Quiet man that tended to his own business and didn't say so all-fired much less he was stirred up. And then—I" He whistled his meaning.

"A fighter. All he ever got he fought for. All he ever held on to he fought for. He bucked Western Lumber for a dozen years, first and last. And, by gosh, he nailed them d-d bides on his stable-door, too!

"Well, I heard tell about this same Luke Sanford ten years ago and more—about him and his little girl. From what folks said I guess there never was a man wanted a boy-baby worse'n Luke Sanford before Judith come. And I guess there never was a man put more stock in his own flesh and blood than Luke did in her as soon as he got used to her being a she. I don't know just exactly how old she was ten years ago, women folks being so d-n tricky in the looks of their ages, but I'd say she was eight or nine or ten or eleven years old. Anyhow, Luke had took her in hand already. Why, that girl's rid real horses since she was the size of

"Que hay, Bud?" called a voice, and old Jose, his face shining with his joy—Bud was certain that Judith had actually kissed the leathery cheek and wondered how she could do it!—came down the knoll. "La senorita wants you!"

"Haw!" gurgled Bandy O'Neill facetiously. "It's your manly beauty, Bud! You ol' son-of-a-gun of a lady-killer!"

Bud Lee swung about upon his heel to glare at Bandy. But suddenly conscious of a bush creeping up hotly under his tan, he turned his back and strode away to the house. His face was flaming when he entered the office.

"What do you want with me?" he said shortly, angered at Bandy, Judith, Sanborn and himself.

"Bow, bow!" retorted Judith, looking up from Trevor's table. "On your high horse, are you? All right, stay

down between us forelegs.

Then suddenly, without warning, the horse whirled, leaping far out to the left, striking with hard hoofs bunched, gathering himself as he landed, swerving with the quickness of light, plunging again to the right. And again he stood still. Judith, sitting securely on his rebellious back, laughed. Her laughter, cool and unafraid, sent a strange little thrill through Bud Lee—who, with fear in his heart, was watching her.

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Saturday, September 6, 1924

Labor Day is past, the excursion season is practically over, and some of the most delightful days of Newport's splendid autumn are yet to come. The late stayers will enjoy themselves.

The special election to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Senator Colt, will be held on November 4th, the same day as the regular election. This will require no additional election machinery, other than another place on the ballot, or possibly a distinct ballot. The additional cost will be small.

The Republican State Central Committee have endorsed Jesse H. Metcalf as the party nominee for United States Senator to succeed LeBaron B. Colt, and he will undoubtedly be the object of the State convention.

Mr. Metcalf is a man who has long been in touch with state and national affairs, and will be a valuable man in the senate. He has a wide acquaintance throughout the state, and is held in the highest respect. A man of ability, education, and of unimpeachable character, he may well be chosen to represent the State of Rhode Island at Washington.

The proposition laid before the board of aldermen Thursday evening by Mr. A. J. MacIver to draft an ordinance for the better regulation of auto traffic in the congested part of Newport is one that will command general support. There should be more one-way streets in the center of the city, and also better control of parking. The police have instituted better regulations within the past two months, but ordinances are required to give them full authority. It would also be an excellent idea to examine all drivers' licenses and registration cards occasionally.

A Republican candidate for Governor of Rhode Island has yet to be selected. It will behoove the party to go slow and pick a man that can command the election by the sheer evidence of ability and integrity. It is time for the Republicans to retrieve the state from the two years of misrule that have prevailed under the present administration, and to insure success in this endeavor it is highly essential to pick the right man to head the ticket. Not a second place of much less importance. The people have learned during the past two years that the Lieutenant Governor is the presiding officer of the senate, and they want a man who can preside with dignity and rule impartially. In other words, they want the exact opposite of the present presiding officer.

Automobiles killed eight persons in Rhode Island during the month of August, two less than in the similar month last year. This may be due to greater caution on the part of the drivers as well as on the part of the pedestrians. Not all accidents are the fault of the drivers, by any means, but it is a fact that cars are being operated today by persons who should never have been granted licenses. Also it is safe to say that there are hundreds of drivers who are operating without licenses, including many boys and girls under sixteen years of age. In Massachusetts they have a very efficient system of holding up cars at different spots, and requiring drivers to show their licenses and their registration cards. One such inspection revealed nearly 30 per cent. of the drivers without licenses.

General Agent Young, the American in charge of the German reparation payments, says that he intends to make the Germans pay to the breaking point, but is opposed to going beyond that point. This is about as wise a statement as could well be made. It will probably not please the Germans, but it shows them what they can expect, and also that their country will be protected inasmuch as they will not be required to pay more than is possible.

The difficulty with all previous reparation plans is that they have gone beyond the possibility of the Germans to pay, and also that no adequate provisions have been made for distributing the payments among the creditor nations without depressing the German exchange to a point where their money depreciates. One important feature of the Dawes plan is the absorption of these payments in such a way as to maintain the value of the German gold mark.

THE TENTH OF SEPTEMBER

On Wednesday next will occur the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the ever memorable Battle of Lake Erie, where Rhode Island men, under the leadership of the youthful Perry, a Newporter, won immortal fame and redeemed a vast continent. The history of that memorable battle has been many times written and should be familiar to every grown person and to every school boy in the land. We do not propose to repeat the story here. In 1809 the city of Cleveland erected at its own expense a beautiful monument in that city commemorative of the important battle. This monument is constructed of Rhode Island granite, and surmounted by a statue of Perry cut in Italian marble. At the time of its erection sixty-four years ago, it was considered an exquisite work of art. It was dedicated on the 10th of September of that year. The ceremonies were attended by Governor Sprague; his staff, members of the Rhode Island General Assembly and the Providence Light Infantry.

Perry Monument in Lake Erie

This magnificent structure on Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie, in sight of where the battle was fought, and where the officers of both fleets that were killed in the battle were buried, is pronounced by good authority to be the finest thing of its kind in America. It is built of pink Milford Granite from the quarries in Milford, Mass., and cost in round figures one million dollars. The monument itself has been completed for some five years, but the parkway of the grounds, some fourteen acres contributed by the State of Ohio, has been delayed to this year, waiting for a Government appropriation for that purpose, which was made by the last Congress. The appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars, in round figures, passed both houses without a dissenting vote. In getting this appropriation Congressman Burdick and the rest of the Rhode Island delegation in Congress did good service. The height of this monument is some 375 feet, from base to the top of the dome. The contributions for the construction of this monument were made by the U. S. Government, which has contributed in all \$349,185.00, and by Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Kentucky, and the states around the Great Lakes, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. This monument, which has been open to the public for a number of years, is, and has been, self supporting from the first. It has proved a very popular spot for the many thousands that visit that island every summer.

The first reason that it was opened to the public the income in round figures amounted to some six thousand dollars. This amount has increased every year, so that last year it had passed the ten thousand dollars mark. When the work now underway is completed the monument in commemoration of the brave deeds of Rhode Island men, under the leadership of the immortal Perry will be the finest show spot in all America.

WHITE FLOUR NOT THE BEST FOOD

Dr. John P. Sutherland of Boston, who has been studying food values for 24 years, says white flour and white sugar have caused more deaths in the last 50 years than whiskey.

Not that there is any positive harm in the white flour and sugar. The harm is negative. It lies in what they do not contain. Dr. Sutherland explains that white flour contains hardly anything but starch, and people can't live on starch. Chickens and pigeons starve to death when fed nothing else. But on flour made from the whole wheat grain, they thrive. Worms are never found in white flour, he says, because they know there's no nourishment there. They love whole wheat and graham flour. The white sugar similarly lacks nutritive elements. The best sugar, he maintains, is that provided by nature, in fruit. That sugar not only nourishes, but doesn't ruin children's teeth.

The trouble is that civilized man comes to choose food largely by the way it looks. White appeals to him—or to her—so white is chosen regardless of the demands of the stomach. And the only reason why most of us don't starve to death, like the chickens and pigeons, is that we eat some other things—though often not as much of them as we should—containing the nutritive qualities carefully eliminated from the flour and sugar by the millers and refiners.

Maiden hearts in this country are all a-flutter. The Prince of Wales is here, and if he is looking for a bride, perhaps he could find one to share his humble lot.

MAKE MONEY EARN ITS KEEP

An officer of the United States Treasury says there is more than \$400,000,000 hoarded in this country by people who distrust banks or are indifferent to the benefits of bank deposits.

Many of them, he says, are plain misers, who love to gloat over their gold, silver, and banknotes. About \$200,000 is stored in cupboards and mattresses of foreign-born residents who are unaccustomed to banks. Farmers are hoarding perhaps \$125,000,000.

All of this is understandable. Coins have a pleasant jingle in one's pocket, and to many eyes an engraved green-back or yellow-back is more beautiful than any other work of art. The foreign-born have more excuse for acting as their own bankers than the native-born, because it is often a new thing for them to have money, and often their experiences with petty bankers of their own nationality have been unfortunate. Farmers have poorer banking facilities than any other classes.

Yet in nearly all cases, this withholding of money from the bank vaults where it naturally belongs is bad. Money is the chief tool of our economic system. Like any other tool it is made to use. Unlike other tools, it does not wear out, but grows with use.

It is foolish for the owner of any sum larger than pocket cash to forego the interest it will bear. But there is a stronger reason for banking it. Putting the money into the bank is putting it into circulation and stimulating business. It is using the same money, over and over again, for wages, salaries and distribution of the necessities of life. The banks cannot lend money to carry on business, or to build houses and develop farms, unless people first deposit it with them.

UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN STILL GROWING

Big figures no longer carry much meaning, but there is a thrill in the announcement that the United States now contains almost 114,000,000 people and may be expected to reach that total some time in August.

It is a tremendous lot of human beings. Imagine them all lined up for you to count. Imagine them marching past a given point. Imagine them assembled at one place, in a compact crowd. It is not thus that nations were reckoned of old. Many a nation, famous in history, numbered not more than a few score thousand.

It is probably the literal truth, too, that ours is today the most numerous nation in this populous world. There are more Russians in Russia, to be sure, and more Chinese in China and more Indians in India. But in none of those cases does the aggregation of human beings crowded within the recognized geographical boundaries properly constitute one nation. The Russians, the Chinese, the Indians all are divided into many races, speaking many languages and living as different peoples.

Our 114,000,000 Americans, in spite of their varied origin and the diversity of language and custom found among individuals and localities, are nevertheless one people with one language and culture, bound together by one great system of transportation possessing one great, highly organized press and one harmonious system of education.

The numerical immensity of the nation is overcome by the perfection of its means of communication. As a result, any American can go anywhere in America and still be among his kind. A little foreign travel shows what a unique blessing this is, for so vast an area and population.

Weekly Calendar SEPTEMBER 1924**STANDARD TIME**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Next Sun	Moon	Hight	Water	Eve
6 Sat	5 13	6 12	11	97	9 44	10	1 17				
7 Sun	5 16	6 10	10	19	10 50	20	2 22				
8 Mon	5 17	6 11	11	20	10 52	21	3 26				
9 Tues	5 18	6 12	1 01	21	8 58	4 1	4 17				
10 Wed	5 19	6 13	2 02	22	9 51	5 19	5 19				
11 Thurs	5 20	6 14	3 03	23	10 42	6 27	6 27				
12 Fri	5 21	6 15	4 04	24	11 31	7 31	7 31				

First quarter, 11a, 3:47 morning

Full moon, 18th, 2:01 morning

Last quarter, 20th, 10:46 evening

New moon, 29th, 3:17 evening

RICHARD F. GRANT

President Chamber of Commerce of the U. S.



WORLD FLYERS REACH LABRADOR

Return to American Mainland 5 Months and 14 Days From Their Start.

MEN SHOW PHYSICAL STRAIN

They Express Keen Joy at Their Success, Holding Their Journey Nearly Ended—Difficult Flight From Greenland Is Made.

On Board the U. S. Richmond at Indian Harbor, Labrador.—Five months and fourteen days after beginning their world-grinding tour at Santa Monica, Cal., the army world flyers landed again in the waters of continental North America.

Ending the difficult crossing of the North Atlantic, beset with mishaps and delays, Lieutenant Smith and Lieutenant Nelson made the 570-mile crossing of Davis Strait—not to the Iceland-Greenland hop the most difficult of the entire Atlantic leg—in 6 hours and 49 minutes, with a northwest wind varying from 40 to 20 miles per hour, and speeding as high as 126 miles per hour.

They left the water at Ivigtut, Greenland, at 6:28 a. m., Eastern Standard Time, and arrived at Icy Tickle, two miles from Indian Harbor, at 1:18 p. m., Eastern Standard Time.

Despite the desolate aspect of the barren Labrador coast, empty of people except for a few fishermen and traders, the fliers received a warm welcome on returning to the American mainland. When the planes appeared, flying low above the rocky inlets outside the harbor, the flagship Richmond, belching out black smoke as a guide to the pilots, greeted the aviators with ear-splitting blasts of its siren, continuing until the planes circled about the little bay, or tickle, and settled on the water near the mooring.

Admiral Magruder and Captain Cotten went ashore to greet the fliers and to welcome them home.

The four men aboard the planes, wearied with the physical strain of the journey and the suspense of the long delays since they left Kirkwall on August 2, expressed the keenest joy, declaring that their world journey was practically ended.

After three days' delay at Ivigtut because of unfavorable weather, today's conditions were almost ideal for the flight across the strait, fog-haunted 60 per cent. of the time. In the early morning a slight mist prevailed along the Labrador coast, clearing later in the day, while the wind from north-northwest drove the planes along on their way to America.

Coghlan, seventy-five miles from Ivigtut, reported the planes passing at 7:21 a. m.; the McFarland, 115 miles westward, reported them passing at 8:55 a. m.; the Charley Auburn, 115 miles onward, at 10:20 a. m.; the Lawrence, 125 miles further, at 11:04 a. m.

The last 139 miles to their destination was covered in 1:34, the wind falling toward the end of the flight to twenty knots. The sky was cloudless and the temperature 44 degrees.

The plan to have a scout plane from the Richmond meet the fliers outside the harbor and escort them homeward was abandoned when Lieutenant Salsada, piloting the escort, was unable to take off because of the rough water.

The fliers made the last 139 miles without a guide, picking out Minute Cove with Lieutenant Smith's usual skill as pilot.

By a strange coincidence the world fliers, after their lengthy delay, made their landing on the date prophesied on the plate already placed on the cliff overlooking the mooring place Aug. 31. The plate was made on the Lawrence, which awaited at Labrador, it is riveted to the rock and does for their arrival through weary bears the date and the inscription: "American aviators completed world flight."

Sleds were engaged to take supplies to Iggolette, but practical difficulties brought about a change in plans and Iggolette was abandoned as a base and Indian Harbor, at the mouth of the inlet, was selected instead.

ZR-3 AN AIR MARVEL

New Dirigible Exceeds Speed and Lifting Requirements.

Friedrichshafen, Germany.—America's new German built Zeppelin holds the blue ribbon for dirigible speedsters.

Dr. Hugo Eckener, chief engineer and commander, confirmed that the ZR-3 surpassed all expectations and calculations. The speed exceeded the acceptance requirements. The lifting capacity is three tons more than called for.

BOLSHEVISM FOR BEEHIVES

Reds Wrought Up Over "Queens," at Least German Paper Says So.

Leipzig, Germany.—The Soviet authorities have prohibited the importation into Russia of books about ants and bees in which "queens" are mentioned, says the German Buchandler-Borschfleit, a weekly devoted to the book trade.

The Bolsheviks are said to object to the description of colonies of ants and bees as helpless when lacking the ruling power of their queens.

MISS LEE SUT MUI

Pretty Chinese Actress Has Returned Home



Miss Lee Sut Mui, eighteen, pretty Chinese actress, and the most sought after Chinese actress that ever came into the United States, sailed to China on the Pacific mail liner President Pierce. But accompanying the young lady was her husband, Tom Sun Tom, wealthy cotton grower of Mexicali, Cal.

FRANKS TRIAL ENDS; CROWE ANGERS JUDGE

Chicago Prosecutor Is Rebuked for 'Cowardly and Dastardly Assault' on Court's Integrity.

Chicago.—Chief Justice Caverly took full charge of the fate of Nathaniel F. Leopold, Jr., and Richard A. Loeb, student sons of millionaire fathers and confessed kidnappers and murderers of Robert Frank. He set Sept. 10 as the date on which he will announce their sentence.

But before doing this he ordered stricken from the record as "a cowardly and dastardly attack upon the integrity of the court" and as "intended to incite a mob and intimidate the court," remarks made by Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney, at the end of his summing up.

Mr. Crowe had reserved for the last a reply to a denunciation by Clarence S. Darrow, senior counsel for the defense, of testimony given in the early stages of the hearings by James Gorlitz, a detective attached to the State's Attorney's office. Gorlitz, aware that Leopold had said he hoped to escape the noose "by pleading guilty before a friendly judge," Mr. Darrow called this testimony "perjury."

"I do not know whether your Honor believes that officer or not," said Mr. Crowe, "but if you have observed the conduct of the two defendants and members of their families, with one honorable exception—and he is the old man who sits in sackcloth and ashes, old Mr. Leopold, who is entitled to the sympathy of all—with that one honorable exception, everybody connected with the case has laughed and sneered and jeered. If the defendant Leopold did not say he would plead guilty before a friendly judge, his actions have demonstrated that he thinks he has one."

The fliers made the last 139 miles without a guide, picking out Minute Cove with Lieutenant Smith's usual skill as pilot.

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LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The Polish minister of finance instructed the minister at Washington to conclude a debt agreement. If the United States maintains right to increase elevator of turreted guns first dispute under Washington agreement is threatened.

Violation of half a dozen big mail robbery in the middle west was disclosed imminent following the announcement by Chief Postal Inspector G. H. Glarahan of New York that William F. Fahy, "ace" of Chicago inspectors, had confessed to complicity in the \$2,000,000 mail robbery at Rondout, Ill.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon may seek a maximum surtax lower than 25 per cent, officials said. He is said to oppose substitution of the graduated tax on corporation earnings for the present flat tax of 12 per cent.

The senate investigation into administration of the internal revenue bureau has been indefinitely postponed. It is believed Senator Clegg, chairman of the investigating committee, finds it necessary to remain in Michigan until after the primaries which are to be held there Sept. 9.

Coast Guards notified that Abracan Inlet must be closed.

Bale of Hoboken Shore railroad property held up by order of President Coolidge.

Liberia will not permit American colored folk to colonize Africa and establish an empire under Marcus Garvey, the Liberian government notified the state department.

This government is expected to accept an invitation received from the league of nations to send an official representative to the proposed special league convention on control of traffic in air.

The Bolsheviks are said to object to the description of colonies of ants and bees as helpless when lacking the ruling power of their queens.

GERMANS ENACT DAWES PLAN BILLS

Ambassador Stamer Is Instructed to Sign the London Pact Without Reservations.

FINAL VOTE IS 314 TO 127

Nationalists Split on Railroad Measure at Last Minute, 48 Supporting It—Formal Repudiation of Germany's War Guilt Is Made.

Berlin.—Swept by uproarious excitement, which turned it for the moment into a madhouse, the Reichstag gave the German Government more than the necessary two-thirds majority for the railroad bill, thus automatically sanctioning the London agreement and the Dawes report. The vote was 314 for the bill and 127 against it. Thus the Reichstag was saved from being dissolved and Germany from a new election.

Dr. Stamer, the German Ambassador to Great Britain, was instructed to affix his signature to the London compact tomorrow, thus ratifying it.

The vote proved that the Nationalists, despite all the fiery speeches and wild threats of their leaders, dared not stick to their guns when it came to a showdown. More than fifty of them voted for acceptance of the railroad bill following votes on the other measures necessary for execution of the Dawes report—the Bank and Industrial Debenture bill—on each of which the Government got the required simple majority.

When the time came for announcement of the result of the vote on the railroad bill a sudden hush settled over the big Reichstag Chamber. As President Wallraf rose from his seat there was dead silence. Nearly every member occupied his seat and the Government officials were clustered around the President's desk. The galleries were packed with breathlessly excited diplomats and journalists and hundreds of visitors who had moved heaven and earth to get entrance tickets for this momentous session.

President Wallraf announced: "The number of members voting was 441. The votes in favor of the railroad bill number three hundred—"

"He got no further. Tumultuous cheers and groans broke forth. "Accepted!" roared people all over the hall. For just as soon as President Wallraf had uttered "three hundred" every one who had worked out the sum knew that 300 was more than two-thirds of the total number of members voting and the Government's victory was instantly declared."

The tumult spread throughout the Chamber. In vain President Wallraf pounded on the table. In vain he rang his bell for order. The uproar only grew wilder. Communists danced and shrieked. Nationalists and Volkisch members turned angrily toward the diplomatic box where, among others, were French Ambassador de Margerie and his wife and Warren Delano Robbins, American Charge d'Affaires, and his wife, and shook their fists furiously because of signs of joy given by some of those in the box.

Finally President Wallraf restored something like order. Angry he announced:

"If this unseemly uproar continues I shall order the galleries cleared."

Then with excitement still buzzing loudly on every hand he finished reading the result of the vital vote.

With that members began to pour from their seats and visitors trooped forth from the galleries to gather in eager groups along Reichstag corridors where the hum of excited talk arose.

Inside other business was being transacted, but nobody cared. The railroad bill had been passed. The Nationalists had backed down. Those two definite facts had emerged finally after a week of nervy-racking doubts. Germany's Reichstag crisis was past. That was all anybody wanted to know.

Analysis reveals that the final Nationalist vote on the railroad bill was practically fifty-fifty. Only 41 voted against it, while 48 voted acceptance.

ITCHY ECZEMA ON ARMS

In Pimples, Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"My trouble began with eczema which broke out in pimples and spread rapidly. It affected my arms from the elbows to the tips of my fingers. I could not put my hands in water, they itched and burned so, and I could not do my regular work. I could not sleep on account of the irritation."

"The doctor advised me to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I was completely healed, after using one and a half cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Sylvia B. May, Marshfield, Vt., June 6, 1923.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

Sample Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, R. M. Madsen & Sons, Somerville, N. J. Order Cuticura Soap & Ointment and Talcum. Try our new Shaving Stick.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

\$600,208.62

Paid in dividends to our customers in 1924. Deposit now and receive your dividend in January.

Dividends at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum on all amounts of \$5 or more.

THE CHIEF AIM

of the careful investor is to have his capital conserved and know that the interest will be promptly paid.

What a satisfactory investment for money—an account with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts.

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

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NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

AN ORDER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

ALL GOODS ARE FRESH ABSOLUTELY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

Dr. Augusta O. Thomas, commissioner of education for Maine and president of the World Federation of Education associations, has announced the appointment of a worldwide commission on the removal of illiteracy. The commission consists of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart of Kentucky, chairman; Pompelio Ortega, president of the Central Normal school at Tegucigalpa, Honduras; Princess Santa Borghese of Rome, Italy; Dr. P. Y. Kuo, president of Southeastern University, Shanghai and Nanking, China; Priscilla Hansa Mehta of Baroda, India; H. W. Huntington, Winnipeg, Canada, and Madam Setsuko Yasui, president of the Union college for women at Tokio, Japan. The crown prince of Japan has appropriated a million yen and placed it in the hands of the Japanese Educational association for the purpose of wiping out illiteracy in that country in 10 years.

U. S. TO SIT IN LATER

League of Nations Makes Public Letter to This Effect

Geneva.—The League of Nations made public a letter from Hugh Gibson, American Minister to Switzerland, saying the United States Government deems it unnecessary to send a representative to the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations because its views on the control of traffic in arms were fully explained before the Permanent Commission on Disarmament.

BABY BATHING GIRLS' PICTURES

Bay State Registrar Says They May Impede Operation of Cars.

Boston.—The practice of automobile drivers putting silhouettes of bathing girls on windshield and rear windows must stop, Frank A. Goodwin, state registrar of motor vehicles said. If these things are not removed from automobiles at once operators and number plates will be removed. Registrar Goodwin said the law forbids "anything which may interfere with the proper operation of the vehicle."

Determine Time for Caponizing

Age and Size of Fowl to Be Operated On Are of Great Importance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Within the last few years the business of producing capons has grown rapidly in this country, and increasing numbers of capons are being raised in the middle western states. During the winter months capon is regularly quoted in the markets of the large eastern cities. Massachusetts and New Jersey are the great centers for the growing of capons, while Boston, New York, and Philadelphia are the important markets.

Time Not Important.

The time of year when caponizing should be performed, so far as the effects of the operation and the rapidity and ease of healing are concerned, is of little importance. The capons seem to recover and do well at any time. Certain other considerations, however, do influence the time, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

The age and size of the cockerels are very important. As soon as the cockerels weigh one and a half to two and a half pounds, or when two to four months old, they should be operated upon. The lower age and weight limits apply particularly to the American breeds, while the higher apply to the Asiatics. If smaller than this, their bodies do not give room enough to work handily. On the other hand, they should never be over six months old, as by this time the testicles have developed to a considerable extent, the spermatic arteries carry greater amounts of blood, and the danger of prickling these arteries and causing the fowl to bleed to death is greatly increased.

Demand During Holidays.

The fact that capons are in greatest demand and bring the best prices from the Christmas season until the end of March, and that it takes about ten months to grow and finish them properly, makes it important to hatch the chicks in early spring so that they will be of the proper size for caponizing in June, July and August. These are by far the most popular months for the operation, though in some cases it is performed still later.

Brown Rot of Cherries and Prunes Is Serious

Brown rot of prunes and cherries occasionally breaks into a serious epidemic in the Pacific northwest and causes the loss of a large percentage of these crops. Results of five years' investigations of this disease as it occurs in the lower Columbia and Willamette valleys are reported in Department Bulletin 1202, just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Inspection Service on Eggs Expanding Rapidly

Nearly 5,000 cases of eggs were inspected at New York last month under the new market inspection service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Inspections were made for users of eggs, our chain restaurant system alone having 2,688 cases inspected by the federal officials. Other inspections were for government hospitals, navy supply ships, the United States Steamship Lines and other steamship lines.

Widespread demand is being made for extension of the inspection service to other cities, declares Roy O. Potts, in charge of the division of dairy and poultry products at Washington, and it is hoped to meet this demand as rapidly as federal funds will permit. Inspection service is being established at Chicago this month, to be followed later in the year with similar services at Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco.

The eggs are inspected in accordance with the specifications in the contracts between buyers and sellers. Increasing use is also being made of the federal grades for eggs, Mr. Potts says.

Farmers Lose Much on Wheat Dockage

Failure to Clean Grain on Farm Is Cause of Loss.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers in the spring-wheat states lost millions of dollars last year through failure to clean their wheat on the farm. The farmers of four spring-wheat states shipped to market 11,000,000 bushels of dockage mixed with their wheat. They lost millions of bushels of wheat in reduced yields by growing weeds; \$876,000 paid for threshing dockage; \$800,000 in freight paid on dockage; by weed seeds lowering the grade of wheat, and by losing the feed value of the dockage.

These facts are brought out in an investigation by the United States Department of Agriculture, which is now waging an intensive campaign in the spring-wheat states to induce farmers to clean their wheat on the farm. The quantity of dockage last year, if removed from the wheat, would have fed (with addition of roughage) 3,600,000 lambs, thus adding weight worth about \$8,700,000, the department says.

Wheat should be cleaned preferably at the thresher with a portable disk cleaner, or with any good cleaner at the granary. Cleaning at the farm removes the dockage for feed; increases the market value of the grain; provides clean wheat for sowing, and saves freight.

A descriptive illustrated poster emphasizes the need for cleaning wheat at the farm. Cleaning at the farm removes the dockage for feed; increases the market value of the grain; provides clean wheat for sowing, and saves freight.

He found him sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall. "What's the matter?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," he said, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it, the things will bolt up all over the room. I could never get them back. Now I'm wondering whether it would be cheaper to go and buy a new suit of clothes or two more trunks."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Greatness Is Not to Be Gauged by Stature

Lombroso in his "Men of Genius" says that greatness and stature are rarely found together. In consulting biographies of a number of great men in American history, however, it has been found that this statement does not always apply. There have been on the whole more prominent men above middle height than below, says the Denver News. Among the short men may be numbered John Quincy Adams, Admiral Farragut, Paul Jones, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Stephen A. Douglas, William H. Seward and Martin Van Buren. On the other hand we find that Charles Sumner was 6 feet 4 inches; Thomas Jefferson, 6 feet 2½ inches; Charley Godfrey Leland, 6 feet 2¾ inches; Andrew Jackson, 6 feet 1 inch; Samuel Adams, Salmon P. Chase and Jonathan Edwards described as "over 6 feet"; James Monroe, 6 feet or more; Hayard Taylor, 6 feet at the age of seventeen; George Washington, 6 feet. Henry Ward Beecher, Rufus Choate, Benjamin Franklin were slightly under 6 feet. Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry were about 5 feet 10.

Vacationist Had Real Problem on His Hands

A revival of this old yarn, once a favorite of George Roby's, is not unusual; it was all about a man who arrived at a seaside resort and went to a hotel. Shortly after a friend called and was shown up to his room.

He found him sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall.

"What's the matter?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

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Economic Philosophy

Wherever Dickens is read this advice by Mr. Micawber stands out as the acme of economic common sense: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, sixteen, six; result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, eight and six; result misery."

Likewise Josh Billings gives expression to not quite so nearly universal a truth when he tells us:

"Debt is a trap, which a man sets and falls himself, and then deliberately gets into—and belches a kuspidoo."

Artemus Ward made his reputation as an economist and a humorist on his statements:

"I'm bound to live within my means if I have to borrow money to do it!"—C. W. G., in McNaught's Monthly.

Do Ducks Swim With Wings?

Do ducks use their wings while swimming under water? The question is discussed frequently among sportsmen and nature students, and opinions sometimes differ. Testimony of reliable authorities supports the belief that various species of ducks and geese, loons and other diving birds do not use their wings when swimming beneath the surface for food or in trying to escape capture, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A ruddy duck was observed on Lake Michigan not long ago feeding in 15 or 20 feet of clear water. As it got well started on its downward plunge, the wings, about two-thirds extended, were used in quick, short strokes, at the rate of about one a second, to assist in propelling it and in rising to the top as well.

Catherine Rush

Medical annals have seldom recorded so rare a case of longevity as that of Catherine Rush, who died in Philadelphia on May 1, 1817, at the age of one hundred and eleven years and eleven months. So far as is known Catherine Rush had lived on the outskirts of Philadelphia all her life, and no one was particularly interested in her until she reached the age of one hundred, having been a very frail girl. When she passed the one-hundred-year mark physicians began to watch her. They kept up their watching for nearly twelve years. It was Catherine Rush's greatest desire, when she felt the end coming, to round out one hundred and twelve years. She failed of it by one month.—Chicago Journal.

Traced to Archimedes

The word "Eureka" is said to have been uttered by Archimedes (287-212 B. C.), the Greek philosopher, when the principle of specific gravity first dawned upon him. It is said that the thought first came to him while in the bath, and that he fled half-clad through the streets of Syracuse to his home, shouting, "I have found it! I have found it!" The problem that had been given him to solve was to determine whether a golden crown made for Hiero, king of Syracuse, had been alloyed with silver. This the king had suspected, and the philosopher afterwards proved it to be true.

Keep the weeds cut close around the fence. Weeds take the water which the vegetables need. They harbor insects, and disease lives over the winter on the old weed stalks.

When cut for seed, Sudan grass is usually cut with a binder and shocked until ready to be threshed. This same method may be used when it is cut for hay if the climate is not too wet.

Cedars of Lebanon of Wonderful Beauty

The famous cedars of Lebanon, which are so frequently mentioned in the Bible as symbols of power, longevity and prosperity, and continually sung by poets and extolled by artists because of their stately beauty and strength, grow to a height of from 80 to 90 feet, their branches and foliage covering a compass of ground the diameter of which equals the height of the trees.

Although the number of the famous trees has decreased considerably, of late years they have been carefully tended and preserved and a goodly number still exist. The best-known group in the Lebanon range consists of a group of 12 ancient giants—how ancient no man can tell—in a grove near the village of Eden, surrounded by about 400 younger trees, none of which probably are under a hundred years of age. Two of the "patriarchs" of the celebrated group measure, respectively, from 80 to 89 feet in girth of trunk. One of these is marked with the name of Lamartine, the French poet, historian and statesman. The younger trees in the grove are stately, compact and gracefully poised, but the "patriarchs" are wild of aspect and frantic in attitude, flinging their muscular arms about as though struggling with some unseen enemy. In Ezekiel the Assyrian is likened to the cedar of Lebanon, "with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was in among the thick boughs."

Unfair to Blame Sun for Showing Up Dust

Here is a reader who actually grumbles at the sun.

"I've noticed," she says, "that whenever the sun shines in a room it seems to raise the dust. Now, why is this? Look into any shaft of sunlight and you will see what I mean."

The sun does not raise dust, though my correspondent is not the first person who has thought so. It merely illuminates dust particles which, in lesser light, are not so observable, says London Answers. The dust is always there, floating about; the sun must not be blamed for it.

Why to blame the sun for the dust is as unreasonable as it would be to blame a pair of opera glasses for the bad actor one looked at through them! Would the bad actor have been raised by the opera glasses?

The sun, of course, is a sort of beta佐助 to some people, but, all the same, a room flooded with sunlight is much more pleasant than one from which it is rigorously excluded.

Seniority of Sweden

The kingdom of Sweden, which was founded about the year 700 A. D., is the oldest in Europe. It is still a primitive land—half the country is forest and the national population is less than that of London. The people are among the greatest sportsmen in the world, water and ice sports, of course, predominating. For sailing and rowing, Sweden is the first country in Europe, and naturally leads in its ice sports. Though a large part of Sweden lies within the Arctic circle, so clear are the skies that the heart of Lapland enjoys more hours of sunshine than Rome or Madrid. Incidentally, Sweden is the oldest part of Europe geologically. It was dry land when most of the remainder of the continent was under water.

Quick to Learn

A couple of years ago Ted Winkley was an enthusiastic graduate from the school of journalism at a western university. He bought a country weekly and settled down to reform the county. The first issue of the paper brought out under his control flamed with promising announcements. The dean of the school of journalism received a copy and read this editorial announcement:

"We aim to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Nearly a year later the dean received another copy of the boy's paper, with this proclamation circled with blue pencil:

"We aim to tell the truth—but not so blamed much of it as heretofore!"—Harper's Magazine.

Wonderful Human Eye

Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages; wait for no introduction; ask no leave of age or rank; respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!—Emerson.

A little girl was seen giving her dog her pudding. Her mother told her not to give her own pudding, but only what was left from the plates. The child obeyed, and, taking it to the dog, said: "Doggie, I meant this to be an offering, but it's only a collection."

Not Hampered by Cold

One of the largest forests in the world, situated between the Ural mountains, and the Okhotsk sea in Russia is said to grow out of what is practically icy earth.

What About "PD?"

What are the two most potent letters in the alphabet? The quick answer is "U. S." There is something to be said, however, in favor of "O. K."—El Paso Herald.

Rainbow Common Sight

A rainbow is a very common sight in Hawaii. Scarcely a day passes that this circle of color is not seen

Honor to Dead Soldier

The War department says when a soldier is buried the following is the procedure: The body is lowered into the grave as the priest or minister reads a short service. Usually music is played or a hymn is sung. A bugle then sounds taps, after which a firing squad fires three rounds over the grave. The guns are pointed upward, in no particular direction. After the funeral party leaves the cemetery the cemeteries help closes the grave.

Ancient Pennies

A silver penny struck during the reign of Edward II, the Unready, 1307-1327, at Sudbury, England, where at that time there was a royal mint, has been presented to the borough by the town clerk. It passed into his possession several years ago, and he has ascertained on high authority that it is genuine. The coin has been deposited in the borough technical institute.

Market for Old Teeth

To reclaim the silver used in rivets that hold sets of false teeth together, shopkeepers on the East Side of New York City buy cast-off "plated" from the owners. It is said that a considerable amount of the metal is thus purchased by the dealers at low cost. After the silver is extracted, it is melted into a solid nugget.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Renaissance in France

There is something dark and wintry about the atmosphere of the later Middle Ages. The poems of Villon produce the impression of some bleak, desolate landscape of snow-covered roofs and frozen streets. . . . Then all at once the colors, the sunshine, and the bursting vitality of spring.—Lyttelton Strachey, in "Landmarks in French Literature."

Moon's Rotation

The moon rotates on its axis. The exact coincidence of the moon's period of axial rotation with that of its revolution about the earth is generally accepted as due to tidal influence. The moon is believed to have been plastic at one time, and great tides must then have been produced by the earth's attraction.

No Mystery Here

Rain from a clear sky is an uncommon phenomenon, but there is no mystery about it, says Nature Magazine. Small raindrops fall very slowly. They may require several hours to reach the ground, and in the meantime the cloud from which they came may have dissolved or passed beyond the horizon.

Crow Eats Insects

Birds are clearly valuable to us because they kill insects, says Nature Magazine. The crow is no exception to this rule. About a fifth of the adult crow's annual food is taken from the insect world. Its share of insects being made up largely of species found on or near the ground.

Fish Has Two Mouths

A resident of Albany, Ga., is preparing a curious specimen of fish containing two fully developed mouths, which he caught recently. One mouth is in the usual place, while the other is under the head much the same as that of a sucker.

Familiarity, Etc.

An idol may be undressed by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter apotheosis, a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.—Addison.

Atlantic's Open Channel

The Atlantic ocean is the only free channel for the exchange of water from pole to equator. It is the only ocean wide open at the north, and forms a valley which extends with varying depth from pole to pole.

Byways

"I love living in the country," said a man who owes a lot of money in the Broadway district. "I love to walk along the country roads. You know you can't owe money to a cow!"—New York Evening World.

Just Did Their Best

The great things in this world have been done by men of ordinary natural capacity who have done their best. They have done their best by never wasting their time.—George F. Hoar.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET

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SAINTS WHO MADE IMPRESS ON TIMES

Four Most Worthy of the Honors Paid Them

The neighbors spent a wonderful night, there awhile back in the green Verdugo hills. They were gathered together in the little gray house in the hollow that has the two big rocks behind it and the blue bush in front, writes John Steven McCourt in the Los Angeles Times.

And the talk that came up was about four great saints who have left their everlasting footprints on the sands of time.

The way the talk about saints came up was that the man who reads the paper was saying that he had read a piece which said that in the house of parliament in London four great windows had been installed, and that on each window was a fine picture of a saint.

On one window a picture of St. George of England, on the second St. David of Wales, on the third St. Andrew of Scotland, and on the fourth St. Patrick of Ireland.

Now, this mere statement of itself, as you might say, was not of such a startling nature as to make a night wonderful for the neighbors in the green Verdugo hills or for anybody else. But, what did make the night wonderful was that our neighbor, the man who knows about the saints, was given the floor. And he told all that there is to tell, or nearly as much, anyway, about the four saints in whose honor windows have been put in the British parliament house.

And it was a grand story. The story of great men who had labored and had spent their lives in the service of God, and of their fellowmen, which is the same thing. The torchbearers of the Wanderers of Galilee in the Isles of the Narrow Seas—that's what they were—George and David, Patrick and Andrew.

Kings there have been in the Isles of the Narrow Seas—many and many a king who were jeweled crowns on their heads, and who sat on golden thrones. Kings, and queens also, some of them good and some of them bad, and some neither one nor the other. And there have been warriors in the Isles of the Narrow Seas, and statesmen; money-changers have been there, as they still are there; and this man and that have been there, each having his little hour and his day.

But it is George of the Dragon, gentle David of Wales, strong Andrew of Scotland, and noble Patrick of Ireland who are remembered most and who are most revered in the Isles of the Narrow Seas.

Torchbearers of Him who was slain on the bloody Tree of Calvary. It is they who are remembered best.

Bricks of Molten Lava

The problem of utilizing volcanic steam in industry has been well worked out by the Italian engineers, and if we ever tackle the job in the Yellowstone park we shall enjoy the benefit of the lessons they have learned. Apparently the conditions to be met are similar; but in the Yellowstone the available supply of steam is incomparably greater, so that the "puffing holes" of the Tuscany seem relatively insignificant.

Boring for steam has been going on for more than a year near the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, but the rock is basalt and extremely hard, so that the drills have not yet penetrated very far. It is said that the scheme in that locality does not promise very well. But the Hawaiian government has consulted the Department of Commerce about a plan, seemingly practicable, for making bricks of molten lava from the Kilauea crater. It is proposed to extend a trolley across the crater, carrying an endless chain of buckets, which would scoop up the liquid lava, fetch it to the rim of the fiery hole, and pour it into the molds.—New York Times.

Gives Boy Scouts Camp

A 40-acre tract at Careyhurst, located at the mouth of the little Boulders canyon, Wyoming, has been presented for a permanent camp site to the boy scouts of Casper, Wyoming, by Governor Robert D. Carey of that state. The waters of Boulders creek flow through the beautiful grounds. A game preserve is nearby.

Plans for the camp buildings include a large mess hall, kitchen and camp headquarters, and ten patrol bunks. Governor Carey has also donated all the steel banks needed for the cabin.

Trimming Details to Bid for Favor

Fall Modes Promise Plaits, Flounce and Tunic, Says Fashion Writer.

Forecasting the autumn mode has come to be one of the favorite pastimes of milliner at the exclusive resorts on the continent, observed a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. The clothes worn at Biarritz, Deauville, Longchamps and other modish environs of Paris are closely scanned, and the slightest intimation of something new is avidly seized upon by the observers, professional and otherwise, at these fashionable watering places. As a matter of fact, these resorts do exert a surprisingly strong prenatal influence over the lesser details of the approaching mode—an influence which will be more than usually potent this year because of the unusual variety of styles that the French designers are displaying.

There are numerous artistic innovations and elaborations, but there is no evidence of a new silhouette, although indications point toward an outline more involved than has been offered in many seasons. Sleeves, waistline and skirt length are essentially unchanged, and if these Olympic models be any criterion, it is apparent that the autumn mode will derive its variation from the intricate manipulation of trimming details. Plait, flounce, tunic, plaid fabric and the ensemble are the dominating features of the Colombe costumes, and while none of these is startlingly new, each is being developed in a distinctly original manner.

Another manifestation of the urge toward plaids is seen in a three-piece costume of Philippe et Gaston, and consists of a plaid wool dress in beige tones, accompanied by a beige kasha coat matching one of the tones of the plaid. The coat is widely open at the front and has a shawl collar with square-cut ends.

For Formal Affairs...

Let it not be understood, however, that the "vogue" for plaids extends to formal clothes. It does not say when developed in taffeta and chiffon, which are worn on dressy afternoon occasions. At the supplementary formal affairs crisp, full-skirted taffeta models in monotone plaids of rose, clear yellow, and pale green are in evidence upon the smartest dressers. Generally, though, the plaid design belongs to the field of sports clothes, and where it is not used for the costume itself it invariably makes its appearance as a trimmings or an accessory. Thus, a plain beige or white kasha wool coat may have a plaid border, either woven in the cloth or cut from a plaid and applied in the form of a border. Or varicolored soutache braids may be used to form plaid borders for plain cloths. This very charming idea is distinctly new. Many beautiful braided-in plaid designs are employed to give a touch of novelty to demurely

flounced Crepe de Chine Costume, Chic Sports Model.

differentiated from the French sport frock in that it has a distinctly more bustling active atmosphere. A glance at the British Empire exhibition at Wembley emphasizes this pure English sports clothes strain despite the fact that the models shown are the joint contribution of every section of the British empire, from South Africa to Nottingham.

Flannel, cretonne, English and Scotch woolens and jerseys in many shades and designs are the principal sports fabrics seen at the exhibition. The typical frock is cut on simple lines and is distinguished by either a complete absence or a minimum of trimming. There is no attempt at elaboration of details and, for once, Paris is entirely forgotten in a collection of athletic models which express the active English sportswoman and not her passive sisters from other climes.

Sports blazers of flannel, trimmed with brass buttons and cut on mandarin lines, are particularly effective on links, court or in the galleries. They may be used at the end of the game by the player, or they can be worn in cooler weather by the spectator. Cretonne coats and jumpers are also in evidence and they serve the same purposes as the blazer.

The Wembley exhibition also includes formal clothes, but these accept the leadership of France and follow the tenets of Paris except for the fabrics which are essentially British.

Panels of Nottingham lace characterize the dress which was most admired in the exhibit. The pattern of the lace is picked out with fine beads on the net, and there is a looped bead fringe finishing the scallop of the panels. A large cluster of flowers and grapes at the waistline and a second group on the right shoulder were the only touches of color on the cream ground of the lace.

The Youthful Clothes.

Youth may be fleeting, but no one will ever guess it if modiste and couturier continue to cater to the misguided taste of that portion of femininity who cannot understand that the belle of the 1905 prom has become quite archaic in the eyes of the 1924 alumnae. The war started it—and since the cessation of hostilities the urge toward youthful clothes has rapidly gained momentum, until last season every new design, whether created for sub-teens or dowager, was motivated by the ideal of eternal youth.

Within certain limits this tendency is distinctly praiseworthy—no one wishes for a return of the times when mature women clothed themselves in sober, straight-laced garments and then settled down to become passive spectators to the end of their days, but when fashion sends forth grandmothers with short skirts, short hair and the much-acclaimed natural silhouette, it is obvious that something has blurred the esthetic vision of the creators of the mode.

A new mode is in making. In a short time the Paris autumn collections will be ready for the eyes of a waiting world. It is the custom of the important designers to seek inspiration from historic epochs of the past, and our suggestion is that they refer to the much-diluted Victorian period for the fall styles of 1924.

The plaid hat and the plaid scarf are two other important landscape notes. The bangkok, woven in plaid design and either trimmed slightly or not at all is accompanied by a wool scarf, developed in the same plaid or in a different design with the same colorings.

The trend toward the ensemble is rapidly gaining momentum at every smart watering place on the Continent. For the benefit of those who do not know just what an ensemble is, it is explained by the translation of its name. Ensemble is a French word meaning together, and an ensemble costume is one in which two or more of the component parts are brought together by a fabric, color, pattern or trimming which is identical on each.

Thus one ensemble may consist of a dress and coat, another of a hat and

jacket, a third of hat and parasol, and so on.

No radical change in autumn styles is indicated by the Olympic fashions, and this announcement is bound to cause disappointment among many who have consistently expected that fall would manifest fundamentally changed fashion tendencies. For them is this consolation. While minor tendencies of the mode are often predicted before the openings, it is the custom of Paris to be entirely mute concerning basic changes until the actual moment when the new styles are launched. Which is probably the case in the present instance.

The London Modes.

Since the early days of Vardon, Ray and the memorable Doherty, England and the social sports have been indissolubly linked. From this alliance there has come a type of sportswomen's clothes which bears the stamp of London as clearly as the Jenny or Lanvin frock carries the mark of Paris. It is recognizable anywhere, and it is

"I wish—" Marcia began hesitantly, with a quick glance at Aunt Prudence, who interrupted, true to name;

"I know you do—always you're wishing. Don't you remember ever the old saying, 'If wishes were horses beggars might ride!'"

"I'm no beggar—at least, not quite!" Marcia cried, flushing hotly.

"Who said you were?" Aunt Prue demanded. "I didn't, for certain. How could I know you've got \$4,000 dollars cash, a beauiful expectations?"

"I haven't!" Marcia protested. "You know the money's in a note that may never be paid. As for a beauiful—ugh!" with a weird grimace. "And certainly there's nobody I could expect anything from—"

"How about me—you're my own sister's daughter!" Aunt Prue broke in.

"And miserably-mad!" Marcia countered. "You'd rather help one heathen than don't repeat anything, than ninety and nine plain ordinary white folks!"

Aunt Prue laughed so hard she sat down precipitately in the warmest corner of the big settle, overlooking the fact that Erebus, her big black cat, had pre-empted the cushion. His yowl of angry disgust all but drowned a knock, not loud, but decisive, on the front door. "Go see who that is!" Aunt Prue commanded. "If it's a peddler, tell him we ain't buyin' a thing today—not even if he's got engagement rings, or even husbands, in stock."

"Dear Miss Prue, why, why be so crushing!" a merry musceling voice called halfway down the hall. Evidently the knock had been a sacrifice to convention.

Though Marcia drew back frowning faintly, Aunt Prue held out both hands to the newcomer, saying joyously: "Just in time, boy! Startin' a big cat fight!"

"Hi-w! What's my office? Referee, bottleholder or peacemaker?" the visitor demanded.

"Kee-ow! Siss, we all you like!" Aunt Prue hung at him between chuckles.

"Explanations are in order, Miss Prudence Tipton. Tell me the exact conditions of the match. Of course, you're giving Marcia a handicap—being so much older, and—well, heavier, not to name being tougher!"

"About—me?" the visitor asked bashfully, a hand over his eye.

Marcia was at the far window, trying hard to hide the wave of crimson sweeping her young face. "Really—I believe it was—though we never named you—she tryin' to make out you were same as other insects in her eyes—and me—"

"I am! Naughty, naughty girl!" Billy Devon murmured, then fell to humming:

"Did you ever hear of Cap'n Baxter, That Miss Biddy refused—before he axed her?"

Marcia wheeled upon him, crying with a stamp of her foot: "You stop that! It's—it's a story! You did ask me! You know it. And then never come to get your answer!"

"Why come—when you sent it—straight to the mark?" Devon answered, his face hardening.

"Sent it?" Marcia echoed, death-white and staring. "How? Where? When?"

"In your own writing, by the hand of the Cluff chauffeur, a little after daylight—I hadn't slept all night for thinking of—things," Devon said, swallowing hard. "Remember you spent the night with Alice Cluff? The man said her maid had brought him the note, saying you wanted it left with me on his early trip to town."

"I never saw it—never wrote—anything," Marcia said dully.

"You can see it now!" Devon said thickly, raising his hand toward his breast pocket.

Marcia covered her eyes, saying: "Let me think—hard," and stood still for the space of three minutes. Then she said clearly: "I suppose you won't believe me—but here is the truth. I remember, now—Alice, you know, writes horribly; she had begged me three days before to write for her a note something like this: 'Old dear, forget—everything. The pater can't see you—not with a telescope—besides I've come to agree with him that you are—delightfully impossible. So let's cry quits, and be friends. You'll get the kiss later. The Girl Who Is Several Sorts of a Girl.' And after that she had me address a lot of envelopes—one to you among them—invitations for her garden party."

"Indeed, indeed I do believe you!" Devon cried joyously. "But why in God's name did Alice scheme this way to make trouble between us?"

"Humph! Just a hundred thousand reasons—that's as plain as the nose on your face," Aunt Prue interrupted.

"You're that much more money than any other fellow she is likely to get her hook on. She must have guessed how it was with you two young idiots!"

"No! She knew!" Marcia said clearly.

"I—I loved her, trusted her—so

entirely—I wanted her to know of my happiness."

"I see to it she gets her consequences!" from Aunt Prue belligerently, flinging her round arm about Marcia's shoulders. Devon gently took it away, saying with a twinkle: "Two bodies can't occupy the same space, suny dear; but I'll divide thus with you when I get back to my right sense."

"You'll have to!" Miss Prue flung at him, beaming as he folded Marcia close, close, raining kisses all over her face. "You children are going to live with me—I will have it so—but don't think I'm to be a deadhead. I can chip in to the tune of a hundred thousand—and a bit over. I'll do it—and beside give Marcia such clothes, such a wedding as this country hasn't seen since before the war. She thinks I've saved and thrived to have it go to the heathen. She's right—you two are as good heathens as could be found in Asia, Africa, or the North pole."

Devon loosened his sweetheart to make her aunt a deep reverence. She waved it away, catching Marcia tight in her arms, to lay over her head in a voice not quite steady: "And that isn't all, I'll do when Alice Cluff marries that whistler Gaspard, the present I send her will be wrapped in the box that sent you. Only thing mean and low-down enough for her."

"Amen and amen!" Devon assented in his deepest voice.

Crow Is Denounced as Farmer's Enemy

Investigations of the crow which have taken place recently on a scale wider than ever before have proved that he is one of the most destructive creatures known to useful and game birds, and to poultry and crops.

In fact, his depredations are so widespread and fraught with such evil results that sportsmen all over the country are banding together to shoot him so that the game which remains can have a better chance of coming to maturity.

A census taken among the game warden in Pennsylvania recently showed that an overwhelming number of the men in the field were positive, from actual observation, of the destructive habits of the crow, and they advised that campaigns be undertaken against him.

Some naturalists have claimed that not only directly

does the crow damage the farmer, by attacking young poultry and destroying crops, but that indirectly he is vastly more destructive.

His indirect work is done when he destroys millions of the eggs of useful birds,

and therefore prevents the coming to maturity of these auxiliaries of the farmer who would had they been allowed to exist, have accounted for myriad of insects.

In fact, naturalists have said that the farmer's bill for insecticides would be greatly lowered were the crow prevented from killing useful birds who are the natural enemies of the insect pests.

In the West hunters are employed to kill off the predatory animals which prey on the cattle, and great sums have been saved by their activities.

It appears that organized effort

against the crow will also save great sums in other parts of the country if this particular menace to bird life is reduced in numbers. The various campaigns against the crow have followed on the heels of the great conservation movement to protect game which is now finding such a response among sportsmen in all parts of the country. With the efforts made to provide proper refuges for useful birds comes the question of protecting their young against the predatory creatures which prey on them.

Direct From Heat

To obtain electrically direct from heat is a dream that is likely at some time to be realized. At present there are numerous methods of obtaining heat but the power obtainable is very minute. However, a method has been devised which employs two insulated carbon rods heated in an electric furnace or oxy-acetylene flame, in a new way.

The two carbons are kept separated at one end, but the other ends are connected through a current measuring instrument.

When one of the carbons is suddenly displaced a current of several amperes will flow.

By displacing one of the carbons periodically an alternating current can be generated.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 4, 1824

On Monday, the 11th of October next the Freemen of this state will assemble in their respective town meetings to give in their votes on the question of the acceptance of the Constitution. From the opinions very generally expressed in this part of the state, we infer that their votes will be nearly unanimous for its rejection; and is considered doubtful whether a majority of three-fifths of the votes in the state can be obtained for its ratification. (The actual result in this city was 5 votes to adopt the Constitution and 591 to reject it. The entire Newport County voted against it: Middletown, 1 approve, 98 reject; Portsmouth, 0 for, 182 against; Tiverton, 14 for, 93 against; Little Compton, 6 for, 91 against; Jamestown, 6 for, 10 against; New Shoreham, 2 yes, 57 no. The Constitution was rejected by a majority of 1894. Providence cast 653 votes for it and 26 against.)

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 5, 1874

Mr. Frank E. Thompson of the Rogers High School delivered a dissertation at the reunion of the Dover, N. H., High School Association on Thursday. Mr. Thompson is one of the alumni of that school.

The Ocean House will not close until after the middle of the month. Mr. Weaver is keeping it open to accommodate those wise ones who wish to see Newport in the pleasantest part of the year.

While Masters Hugh Gifford, aged 9 years, and Howard C. Ward, aged 8 years, were playing on Commercial Wharf Thursday, Master Hugh fell into the dock. His chances were that the little fellow would drown. Master Ward started immediately for assistance; and by his persistent voicings brought a man in season to save the life of the lad. This is the second time Master Ward has saved the life of a playmate. Two years ago he pulled a boy out from under the ice in the Basin.

The Artillery Company celebrated the Battle of Lake Erie this year by an outing to Oakland Beach. But as the place closes soon the Company anticipated the day and celebrated it last Wednesday.

The total valuation of Newport this year is \$20,372,600, which is an increase over last year of \$1,058,100. The rate of taxation is \$8.80 on a \$1,000. (Some different from what is today.)

Some convivial person gives the following as a Rhode Island bill of fare: 1, Clam chowder; 2, Lager; 3, Clam chowder; 4, Lager; 5, Clam chowder; 6, Lager. (That must sound good today to those whose principal food was, lager.)

Mr. Edward King and George Penbody Wetmore are the two largest tax payers in Newport.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 9, 1899

Monday dawned clear and cool, an ideal day for public function of any kind, and especially for an open air occasion such as laying the cornerstone of the new city hall. The crowd was large, the exercises of an interesting nature and the speeches exceptionally good. The Grand Lodge of Masons conducted the ceremonies. Rev. Dr. Cutler delivered the eulogy on Masonry which was an able and interesting address. City Solicitor J. Stacy Brown delivered the historical address, which was a masterly effort.

The first parade of automobiles ever held in this city took place Thursday afternoon and was a grand success. The procession was formed in Bell-court, where prizes were awarded for best decorated machines, the first going to Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, the second to Mr. M. M. Shumaker and the third to Mr. Stuyvesant LeRoy. The procession then started for Gray Craig, which was reached without accident, though a large drag followed the procession to be used in case of need.

The Newport County Agricultural Society has erected the frame work of the building in which exhibitors will show their various products next week.

On Thursday evening Mr. William H. Gifford Master of Portsmouth Grange, was stricken with paralysis while opening the Grange meeting in Oakland Hall.

Mr. Edw. G. Hayward is suffering from a broken leg. After the exercises of laying the corner-stone of city hall were completed, and a collation served in Masonic Hall, some of the members engaged in impromptu dancing, when Mr. Hayward slipped and fell with his leg twisted under him.

Next Monday and Monday evening will occur the celebration of the 150th anniversary of St. John's Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

The Government is to pay for the land condemned in Jamestown at once. Artist W. T. Richards will get the largest share, some \$110,000, which is probably the best sale of real estate that has been made in that vicinity. The whole sum to be paid by the Government is some \$200,000.

Might Be Made to Work
Probably more young men would be able to make their own living if they didn't have to support them.

Famous Pleasure Spot
of English Monarchs

Many kings have done their part to make Hampton court what it is today, asserts a writer in John O'Loughlin's Weekly. Wolsey began it all, and it is interesting to learn that when he walked in his park he liked to be left to his meditations. He would allow no servant to come near him; his order was that they should keep as far from him "as one might shoot an arrow." When Henry came into possession he at once extended the gardens, planted quickset hedges, and bought apple and pear saplings.

Henry described the gardens in Elizabeth's reign as "most pleasant," adding that he "saw rosemary, so planted and nailed to the walls as to cover them entirely, which is a method exceedingly common in England." Charles I formed lakes. Charles II planted more than two hundred elms and as many lime trees. William III in his turn, brought in the style of Dutch formally with yew, box, and holly sculptured into bird and animal shapes or arranged to represent his royal initials; he formed rectangular canals and did strange things with terrace and balcony, and fountains better designed (said Horace Walpole) "to wet the unwary than to refresh the panting spectator." Ultimately, nearly everything he did was afterward undone.

Tools of Insect World
Surpass Those of Man

Most of the articles in that great chest of tools that man's inventive genius has contrived were invented by the insect world before he fashioned the first, writes Ernest Bade, Ph. D., in Popular Science Monthly. Moreover, man's tools are usually inferior in precision and versatility.

Saw, pliers, brushes, augers, hocks, hammers, knives, lancets—all of these and yet other tools are in the insects' remarkable chest. Nature attached them to the insects' bodies—to the legs, to the head, to the abdomen, wherever they were needed. They are made of chitin, a material that, unlike the metal tools of man, resists the action of water and the milder acids. The insect tool chest is truly complete, one of its wonders being the closeness of the resemblance of the articles it contains to the tools that man has been so long in fashioning.

The Word "Joyful"

The word "joyful" conceals the name of Jupiter, or Jove, according to the Washington Post. A "joyful" person is theoretically, at least, a person born under the influence of the planet Jupiter, or Jove.

The planet was supposed to be the most joyful of all the planets to be born under, just as Saturn is the least joyful.

Gradually the word "joyful" became dissociated from the astrological significance, and was generally applied to persons who indicated the quality of joyfulness ascribed to birth under a joyful planet.

Thus many a word in the English language in common use, traces its origin to mystic beginnings and beliefs in the darkness of the past ages.

Famous Ancient Tapestry

During the year 1746 a quantity of beautifully executed tapestry was discovered in the cathedral of Bayeux, near Cannes, France. It is said to be of the Eleventh century, the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and ladies of her court. The tapestry, which is 214 feet long and 2 inches wide, contains 72 scenes, each of which represents a scene in the life of the Saxon King Harold from the time of his visit to the Norman court to his tragic death in the battle of Hastings. In these scenes are 1,622 figures. In 1803 Napoleon, contemplating an early invasion of England, had the tapestry removed to Paris, where it was exhibited at the National museum. The following year it was returned to Bayeux.

Frisky Filly

Miss Sarah is "getting along in years," a fact she is unwilling to admit. She wears very youthful clothes; she has been described by a facetious neighbor as "sheep dressed lamb-fashion." And sometimes when the world pushes her into a niche where it thinks she belongs, Miss Sarah rebels.

One day she was talking merrily to a party of young girls. Her cheeks were pink and her little curls fluttering. She laughed a great deal.

"Oh, Miss Sarah," at last exclaimed one of the girls innocently, "how gay you must have been in those days!"

"Have been?" repeated the lady indignantly. "Have been? Well, I'd have you know I'm not a centurian yet!"—Los Angeles Times.

Church Sittings Sold

In certain sections of England it is still customary to sell by auction pews in the parish church. The highest bidder secures the use of the pew for a year. On the east coast of Scotland it was quite common 30 or 40 years ago to see an advertisement in the local press offering, say, one or two "bottom breadths" in such-and-such a pew in the parish church. The pews were freehold, and paid taxes in the same way as a freehold dwelling-house. Another reader recalls particulars of a church pew sale which stated that it "produced so much per unit, free of rates and taxes," and that it was "in a good position," and "rent regularly paid."

Logical
Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife?
Mamma—I did.
Papa—You've been deceived again. The bill came in today, and they are certainly high ones.

NEED SPECIAL LAWS
TO PROTECT AIRMENPresent Statutes Decidedly
Unfair to Pilots.

Is an aeronaut legally responsible for the follies of excited spectators who from the ground feast their eyes on his adventure aloft?

The answer is yes, an American court decided more than one hundred years ago.

This precedent, and others of more recent date, were discovered by persons now engaged in the forenamed task of preparing a sorely needed code of laws for the airways. Their researches indicate that under the common law of several nations, every misadventure that befalls a man watching an aeronautical exploit is the fault of the aviator.

Only enactment of special statutes can relieve the airmen from this responsibility, the aviators say. The historic cases dealt with balloons, but are believed to apply equally to pilots of modern airships and airplanes.

One Guille, a balloonist, descended into the garden of a man named Swan. He called to a workman in Swan's field to help him. There was a crowd pursuing the balloon to see the landing. The basket of the balloon dragged along Swan's garden, damaging potatoes and radishes. More than 200 of the pursuing spectators broke into the garden, beating down vegetables and flowers.

The damage done by the balloon was about \$10, and the damage done by the crowd amounted to about \$70. Swan sued Guille for the entire \$90, and Guille answered that he was not responsible for the damage done by the crowd.

The New York court that heard the case decided Guille was liable for all the injuries sustained by Swan. It was the natural thing, the court held, for a balloon to draw a crowd, and Guille was wholly to blame. All this happened in 1812.

A similar case happened in Germany, where a balloon landed in a meadow near Frankfort when the basket gave out. The inhabitants of the neighboring village swarmed out to the scene of the accident, and on the way, tramped a garden to ruin. The owner brought suit against the aeronaut for damage to his vegetables, and a court awarded a judgment in his favor.

Now, this aeronaut did not actually trespass on this vegetable dealer's garden. As a matter of fact, he landed in a meadow a long way off. Nevertheless the German court decided that the balloonist did all the damage by drawing a crowd.

A Belgian court has agreed with the American and German courts. While over a small town in Belgium, a balloon began to collapse from loss of gas. The pilot, finding himself forced to land, selected an open space beyond the town.

He was flying just above the roofs of the houses, with his drag rope dangling into the street. The villagers, battering the balloonist wished to be drawn down, seized the rope.

The aeronaut cried out to them to let go the rope, but the villagers interpreted his yell as cries for help, and they vigorously and heroically pulled the balloon to the ground.

The pilot was forced to open his valve to release the gas swiftly. In the second story window of a house on a narrow street sat a man who was smoking a cigarette. The cigarette ignited the escaping gas as the balloon nestled beside the house, and there was an explosion.

Considerable property was destroyed, several people were killed and many were injured. Although the aeronaut swore he was virtually kidnapped from the air, and explained that the catastrophe was caused entirely by the folly of ignorant villagers, a Belgian court condemned him to pay all the damages.

Shortcomings

Moses Diggs, an old Negro, had been arrested for having more than one wife.

"How many wives have you had?" demanded the judge.

"Six," was the reply.

"Why couldn't you get on with them?"

"Well, sub, de fust two spiled de white folks' clo's when dey washed em; de thud worn't no cook; de fo' was jest nacherally lax; and de fith—I'll tell you, judge, de fith, she—"Incompatibility?"

"No," said the Negro, slowly. "It worn't nothin' like dat. Yo' jest couldn't git on with her unless yo' was somewhars else."—London Times.

"Incompatibility?"

"No," said the Negro, slowly. "It worn't nothin' like dat. Yo' jest couldn't git on with her unless yo' was somewhars else."—London Times.

"Have been?" repeated the lady indignantly. "Have been? Well, I'd have you know I'm not a centurian yet!"—Los Angeles Times.

Why Urchins Leave Home

The principal reason why children run away are hurt feelings, desire to be alone, rebellion against authority, boredom, love of adventure and desire to see the world, says Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, New York's first police woman.

Low Shoes, High

Papa—I thought you said you bought low shoes!

Mamma—I did.

Papa—You've been deceived again. The bill came in today, and they are certainly high ones.

Logical

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife?

"But I'm not married."

"Ah, no; then, of course, your wife's still single!"

Advocates Old Habits

Twentieth-century man would be healthier and happier if he would sleep with a nightcap on his head and a warming pan at his feet, according to Sir James Cantlie, one of England's best-known physicians. Sir James is seventy-three and claims he can dance as nimbly as he could at seventeen.

"Don't think because you live in an age of airplanes you know all about hygiene," he declared. "Your grandmother were no fools."

Bald heads were much scarcer, Sir James asserted, in the days when men wore nightcaps. In a damp climate like England, he said, a nightcap is as necessary as clothes. Warming pans, likewise, aid the health of the sleeper by drying out the sheets before bedtime.

Finds Leaking Irrigation

A man from Lynn, Mass., has presented a somewhat unusual request in the matter of employment to the Portland (Me.) Chamber of Commerce, says the Boston Globe. He seeks employment for which he can take as payment only board and room.

He has a certain fixed income, which is given him solely on condition that he does not take employment for wages. Lack of work has become irksome, hence his unique request.

The Way of Life

This brief sermon by the wayside is from the Tilton Gazette: "Some men seem to make money without effort, while some women seem to annex more husbands than the law allows without any more effort. It's the other way round with some men, who can't make money no matter how hard they try, while some women find it utterly impossible to even annex the one husband allowed by law. But then, that's the way of life."

How Easy the Public!

Is it not notorious how small a fraction of society takes any interest in the conduct of public affairs? How important trade union issues, such as a strike, are left to be determined by a handful of the men who are vitally concerned? How great a part is played by catch-phrases and relatively unimportant local issues in our political elections?—The Right Hon. Herbert Fisher in the Common Wealth.

Crime or Jest?

Not long ago a small box with an insufficient address was held up at an English post office. As the address could not be found it was opened and disclosed a parcel of bones, established to be human. The mystery was never cleared up. What crime it abounded, or whether it was a joke on the part of some hospital student, must be left to conjecture.

Rubens' Paintings

Bryan in his "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" says that the amount of Rubens' pictorial work was prodigious. A list records no fewer than 2,288, exclusive of 481 drawings. It was Rubens' practice to employ many student assistants. It is not possible to say exactly how many of the paintings are still in existence.

Sewing Needle Old

The sewing needle dates back to antiquity, and it is not known who invented this implement. It is evident from relics that stone needles were used in the Stone age. The Chinese are believed to have been the first to use needles of steel. They gradually spread westward until brought to Europe by the Moors.

Exit Can

Honor to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and is something. For in the way of being worthy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let cant cease, at all risks and at all costs; ill cant ceases, nothing else can begin.—Carlyle.

Annapolis Gay City

From a little settlement on the Severn in 1694 Annapolis grew in size and importance until it became the capital of Maryland. By 1750 it was famed for its beauty and luxury and was often referred to as "The Paris of the Colonies."

Wild Guess

The music teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the meaning of F and FF in a song they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said: "Now, children, if F means forte, what does FF mean?" "Eighty!" shouted one enthusiastic pupil.

To Clean Painted Walls

It will aid greatly in cleaning the painted walls if they are gone over with thin uncooked starched water. Painted walls and woodwork can be cleaned easily and well by using equal parts of vinegar and kerosene. Wash with a cloth and dry with a dry cloth.